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BUT IS GOD SILENT?

I.

"The mystery remains that 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers,' never speaks to His people now! The divine history of the favored race for thousands of years teems with miracles by which God gave proof of His power with men, and yet we are confronted by the astounding fact that from the days of the Apostles to the present hour, the history of Christendom will be searched in vain for the record of a single public event to compel belief that there is a God at all!"¹

Such is the teaching which finds acceptance to-day among Evangelicals, if we may judge from the way a work, of which these assertions are the thesis, is praised by the *Record*,² and from the number of editions it has gone through. This organ of Evangelicalism is "profoundly grateful, having seldom read a book so compelling in its logical directness." And in the third edition we are informed that the second ran out in a few weeks, the first having been exhausted with unexpected rapidity.

In the above quotation and in other parts of his book, Dr. Anderson gives

¹ "The Silence of God," by Robert Anderson, C.B., LL.D., Assistant Commissioner of Police in the Metropolis, p. 18.

² The *Record*, November 5, 1897.

the impression that by "public event compelling a belief in God" he means a miracle, but the scope of his work goes beyond this limitation, and appears to assert that since the days of the Apostles God has ceased to intervene in the affairs of men, and that most notably in the way of judgment and vengeance on the oppressors of His people. Speaking of the Armenian massacres of 1895, he says: "Has Almighty God no power to check such crimes? In vain do we strain our ears to hear some voice from the throne of the Divine Majesty. The far-off heaven where, in perfect peace and unutterable glory, God dwells and reigns, is silent!" And elsewhere he remarks: "As for God—the light of the moon and stars is not more pitiless than *He* appears to be."

But whether Dr. Anderson means to limit "public events calculated to produce a belief in God" to miracles or not, it is quite certain that public events of this nature recorded in the Bible are very far from being so limited. That our Lord did not believe in the faith-compelling power of miracles, or what men would call miracles, is clear. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rise from the dead."

And, after all, miracles from a Bible point of view are not God's principal

means of speaking to human beings. He speaks to the consciences of men, even in the Bible, much more frequently in the ordinary events of life, and especially in the history of their own lives and of those that have gone before them. He speaks in the same way to families, and to nations, and to the whole human race; to Churches and to the whole of Christendom. His voices are many, and each one is adapted to the condition, mental and moral, of those to whom he speaks. He condescends in each case to their special idiosyncrasies, and talks with them in the tongue in which they were born. Man is ever changing, at times progressing, at times retrogressing. God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. And therefore there can be no real difference between the times covered by the Bible and those in which we live. The same laws prevail as then. And of all the persistent laws of human life there is hardly one more thoroughly interwoven with the warp and woof of Scripture than the law of human solidarity. And this responsibility that men have for one another is the justification of two Bible teachings much objected to, although both are supported by all the facts of life—Hereditary Guilt and Vicarious Suffering.

Understanding the public events by which God speaks to men not to be limited to so-called miracles, but to have a range as wide as when God spoke in divers manners by the prophets, I contend, in contradiction to the assertion with which this article opens, that the history of Christendom teems with similar public events which ought to produce the conviction that a God of Justice is ruling in the earth just the same now as then.

"There are times in every life," says Dr. Anderson, "when 'heart and flesh cry out for the living God.' But what comes of it? 'When I cry and call for help, he shutteth out my prayer.' Such

is the experience of thousands. Men do not speak of these things, but as they brood over them the cold mist of a settled unbelief quenches the last spark of faith in hearts chilled by a sense of desolation or roused to rebellion by a sense of wrong." If those who think that heaven is silent to them personally would study the history of their lives, the history of their families, the history of their country and the history of Christendom, they would find the antidote to that unbelief and bitterness of soul into which a wounded egoism has led them. But the great difficulty here, as always, is to get rid of the prejudices created by their personal, or class, or national interests. To this end the study of a bygone period in which those interests are but remotely affected would, in proportion to its completeness and sincerity, lead them to see that God does answer the prayers of His faithful poor, and that He is continually speaking to the nations and the Churches by public events which declare His thoughts on their ways as clearly as those recorded in the Bible.

As an illustration of this, and as showing the answer that might be given from any portion of the history of Christendom to this assertion of the silence of God, I offer one, the details of which I have searched out. The voice of God as heard in the history of Edward III. and his descendants, involving that of the peoples they reigned over or sought to reign over, may from the circumstances be more than ordinarily simple and decisive, but the same lesson is repeated in the history of many other Christian families and nations.

II.

The evolution of serfdom into the rent and wage system was proceeding with more or less rapidity, when Ed-

ward III., by his wars in France, violently disturbed the natural flow of the current in that country, greatly aggravating the peculiar suffering which always attends a time of social change. We have an illustration of this in what followed on the Black Prince's victory at Poitiers.³ The barons and knights taken prisoners and set free on their word of honor returned to their estates in order to extort the money for their ransoms from their peasants. They seized furniture, crops, cattle, teams and all they could lay hands on, and if that proved insufficient, they used torture to force the peasants to say where they had hidden their money. And as almost every noble family had a relative taken captive at Poitiers, nearly every lordship in the land was the scene of these extortions. The sufferings of the French people were further increased when, at the cessation for a time, of the war, numberless adventurers, who had been hired on both sides as slaughtermen, took to brigandage. These brigands completed the ruin of the rural population in France, and in 1357-58, maddened by ages of wrongs which had at last culminated in hunger, misery and despair, the peasants attacked the castles and put the inhabitants to death. The French lords called in the foreign brigands who made war their trade, and these men of blood, armed from head to foot, rode among the half-naked peasants, cut them down, threw them by thousands into the Marne, and burnt their villages. The Regent of France killed more than 20,000, and the butchery was still further carried on in Picardy and Artois. The peasants were slaughtered like wild beasts; no quarter given, no prisoners taken, except a few reserved for execution by such torments as it was hoped would terrorize the poor

rural people generally. The upper classes, torn by violent feuds, the two parties hating each other with murderous hate, were wholly at one in this war against the peasants. And confederate with them were the Anglo-Norman gentry who led the English invading armies. When Sir Robert Knolles and the King of Navarre took Compiègne, they massacred great part of the population because it sympathized with the peasants. The latter were treated as vermin, to be crushed by any means. Even while he was negotiating with them, the King of Navarre seized their leader and crowned him with a red-hot iron tripod. These French nobles out-heroded Satan and were more devilish than devils.

"I will even deal with thee as thou hast done," is not only an Old Testament principle of divine justice, but it is repeated in the New. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." But, if this law now no longer runs in Christendom, its execution being suspended since the Apostles proclaimed the Gospel to the Gentile world, we shall, of course, see no signs in history of God's judgment on those who had got possession of the lands of France and lorded it over His people in that country with such cruelty. And these tyrants professed and called themselves—Christians. Now we know what is to be the fate of such. "Their Lord will come in an hour they know not of, and will appoint them their portion with unbelievers." Retribution will not only fall upon them personally in the world to come, but here in this world and in the sight of all men retribution will come in accordance with the laws of heredity and vicarious punishment.

Crècy, Poitiers and Azincourt, with the Hundred Years War, of which they were the most brilliant days, decimated the French noblesse and paved the way for the destruction of their power.

³ The historians followed with reference to France during the Hundred Years War are Sismondi, Martin, and Michelet.

That war was full of public events compelling men either to close their eyes and their hearts in blind obstinacy, or to admit that God had come to judge the world in righteousness and the nations with His truth. The series of wonderful acts by which this was made manifest, opens with the sea-fight off Sluys, when Edward III., to his own surprise, annihilated the French fleet—the French losing, it is said, 30,000 men, the English a comparatively small number, the immense discrepancy being partially explained by the fact that the English gave no quarter. The moral result was, Michelet says, not less fatal for France than Trafalgar.

This character of marvelousness is the leading factor in the three great victories of Crècy, Poitiers and Azincourt. The English were in every one vastly outnumbered, in the enemy's country, and in each case opposed by the cream of the chivalry of France. At the battle of Crècy they were famished, wet and tired out, and looked more like a horde of beggars than successful invaders. Whatever difference there was in the material of the two armies was in the common soldiers, for the nobility and knights in both were French in origin, spoke the same language, and had the same general ideas and sympathies.

According to both English and French historians, the French slain at Crècy almost equalled in number the whole English army. The French lost 11 princes, 88 lords, 1200 knights and 30,000 soldiers. This in itself is marvelous; the leaders of the invading army were themselves astonished; but what marks the defeat as specially retributive is that it was a victory of the people over the noblesse, of the representatives of three conquered nations over the representatives of those who had conquered and now oppressed them. England, oppressed by men of French

origin, was represented by 14,000 men; Wales, oppressed by men of French origin, by 12,000 men; Ireland, oppressed by men of French origin, by 6000. Crècy was, says Henri Martin, "the grave of chivalry and an immense event in the history of the Middle Ages." "Alas!" exclaims the chronicler of St. Denis, "at Crècy fell the flower of the chivalry of France. . . . God punished the crimes of the French with his *flail*." A fitting word considering the instrument—even Froissart himself recognizing that if any one ought to be called the victors of Crècy, it was the English bowmen.

In 1356 the Black Prince was again in France, bringing desolation wherever he went. As he passed through the land he left it a wilderness—great cities in flames—the people put to the sword—their goods destroyed and wasted. "The lid would have fallen on his nose," as an old saying has it, if a spirit of extreme foolishness had not possessed the French King. For the Black Prince had destroyed the means of provisioning his own troops, and, moreover, his further progress was barred by a French army six times the size of the one he led. But, instead of starving the invaders into a surrender, which could have been done in a few days, King John led the lords of France into a slaughter house, bringing the battle on in a narrow lane, where they got completely blocked, and afforded a kind of *battue* for the English bowmen planted behind the hedges, who, when they had thrown the French into inextricable confusion, rushed in and did murderous havoc. Seeing the fate of the first division, the second, led by the princes, decamped. The King, however, fought like a paladin, but it was useless: the victory was already won, and he and a vast number of counts, barons, bannerets, knights and squires—more than 2000 in all—were taken prisoners, no fewer than 2426

of the French *noblesse* having been left dead on the battle-ground or otherwise killed. So little did the English commanders expect this most extraordinary reversal of the respective positions of the two armies, that before the battle they would have agreed to any terms short of absolute surrender, and even after the victory, they did not dream of attacking any other place, but only to secure what they had got.

The next sixty years was a terrible time for France. Anarchy and chaos, a Jacquerie suppressed with revolting cruelty, a protracted war of factions, Paris constantly surging, pestilence in the most destructive form, famine, banditti, accusations of witchcraft and mournful processions of flagellants singing strange hymns—who could doubt that feudalism with its crying sins had come into judgment?

In 1415 came upon this blind and deaf *noblesse* a blow more overwhelming than ever. The battle of Azincourt reproduced the astonishing facts of Crècy and Poitiers with, if possible, even greater signality. A little army of 11,000 or 12,000 bowmen—very unmilitary-looking people in their greasy leather caps or straw bonnets, and their clothes dropping about their hips, with no armor, and often without shoes—utterly routed a great army of 50,000 men, 14,000 of whom were nobles armed *cap-à-pie*. France, said the French princes, ought to be defended by gentlemen, and, in keeping with this aristocratic notion, this great feudal host appeared in tournament array—enameled armor, blazing escutcheons, splendid banners, their horses cased in plates of burnished steel or gold.

The French princes chose the worst position imaginable—a heavy bit of land between two woods, so narrow that there was no room to deploy, so boggy that the horses sank deep in the mud. Here the French host collected in the damp autumnal night, and both

horses and men seemed depressed with a vague sense of approaching calamity. Quarrels were made up and foes embraced one another.

How narrow was the position, as shown by the French army being thirty-two lines deep, while the English was only four. Unable to get their chargers out of the mud, the French *noblesse* were soon thrown into confusion by the showers of arrows which fell upon them. Knight rolled upon knight, the horses plunging and falling. The English archers slung their bows, and, rushing on to the struggling heaps, dispatched many illustrious persons. A second battle brought the second division to a similar end, the rest flying as quickly as they could. So many prisoners were taken that Henry V., hearing a noise which he took for a rescue, ordered their immediate slaughter, and, to make sure that it was done, 200 archers were sent round as executioners. "It was," says the chronicler, "a very piteous thing to see all this *noblesse* hacked to death." The slaughter only stopped when Henry learned that there had been no attempt at rescue after all.

Courtrai, Crècy, Poitiers, all were outdone. Out of 10,000 dead, nearly 8000 were men of noble birth. A Constable of France, seven princes, an admiral of France, the king's standard-bearer, an archbishop, three dukes and eighty great barons were, according to Sismondi, among the slain; Martin says 120 high barons; Michelet, 120 lords with banners.

Henry went over the field of battle with the herald of France. "We have not made this slaughter," he said, "but the Almighty for the sins of France." In the same spirit he lectured his prisoner, the Duke of Orleans, on the voluptuous disorder then reigning in France—so bad, he declared, that it was a horror to hear about it; and he said the same to the citizens of London. If no

one else saw God in these judgments on the French *noblesse*, Henry V. did, and he evidently believed himself the chosen instrument. When his counselors advised him to send for more archers from England, Henry replied: "In the name of our Lord, I will not have one more. The number we have is the number He has willed; these people trust in their multitude, but I put my trust in Him who so often caused Judas Maccabeus to triumph." But he did not see the really striking point in these successive overthrows—the fall of the Goliath of Feudalism before a new democracy, armed only with the instruments of labor and the chase.

The keynote of a hymn far more really democratic than the "Marseillaise"—"God hath put down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted those of low degree," repeated now three times, was finally struck with a force no one could mistake when, a few years later, France, ruined, humiliated, utterly demoralized, torn up into shreds, and the prey of the vilest, was suddenly and rapidly restored to unity, hope and courage, so that she successfully recovered her position, and got rid of her invaders so completely that they had nothing to show for a hundred years' pains and their many brilliant victories, but the one town of Calais.

And whom did God inspire to deliver and redeem France? No royal nor noble person, no bishop nor saintly anchorite. Kings, princes, barons, knights, even men-at-arms and common soldiers—all were thrust aside, and a young girl, who could not write her own name,* and who had spent all her life in home work and farm labor, a representative of the class all these great people had combined to oppress and depress, was chosen to save them from further ruin, and better still, to save France.

Can those who accept as sent of God

the national saviors spoken of in the book of Judges, and throughout the Old Testament, the men and women, "who through faith were out of weakness made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens," fail to see that in Jeanne d'Arc God raised up such a savior, and that her career alone is sufficient to demonstrate how false is the assertion that the history of Christendom is governed by different laws from those which prevailed in Bible times. No more then than now did public events occur which *compelled* belief in God, but now, as then, all history is one long argument of God with men. For this apparition of "the Maid of Orleans" at the closing scene of this avengement of the toilers of France is only one of thousands of proofs which God is constantly giving that "His soul is grieved at human misery," and that in the fulness of time "He *will* deliver the poor and needy out of the hand of the wicked."

How the powerful classes in France regarded the savior of their country is shown by the way they left her when she was finally betrayed into the hands of its enemies. The chivalry of the time did not prevent the King, the baronage, the knighthood of France from being passive accomplices of Cardinal Beaufort and of Lord Warwick in the murder of this child of God, who had achieved by faith just what they who pretended alone to have the power had so ignominiously failed in achieving. Her last appeal from the midst of the flames and the smoke, as, dropping her head, she cried with a loud voice—"Jesus!" was heard and answered in the history of the two houses of Plantagenet and Valois.

III.

If we compare what happened in England with reference to the relations between landlords and laborers with

* Michelet, vi. p. 282.

that which happened in France, we shall find another of the parallelisms characteristic at this time of English and French history. The terrible epidemic, known as the Black Death, raged in 1349-50 both in France and England, carrying off in the latter country about half the population. Fearful as the pouring out of an apocalyptic vial to those whose lives were a round of pleasure, it came as an angel of mercy to the poor, delivering them immediately by tens of thousands from a life of bondage, and leaving those that remained in a better position to struggle with their oppressors. Labor in England doubled in value, and in 1349, Parliament, representing the landlords, made a statute by which laborers who refused to serve at the wages paid prior to the pestilence were to be imprisoned, and those who paid them such higher wages were to be fined an amount three times the additional wages given. In 1350 it was ordained that laborers in husbandry should, twice a year, take an oath to observe this statute, or be put in the stocks and sent to gaol. In 1360 these laws were made more severe; a laborer flying from service was—his master and the justices approving—to have the letter F burnt into his forehead. Towns harboring such fugitives were to pay heavy fines to the King and to the master, and by the same Act workmen were forbidden to combine.* Such anti-Christian laws created criminals, or, perhaps we should say, fostered crime, for it was already created on a large scale by the division of the country into alien lords and native serfs or laborers. Langland describes the people as complaining that their lords treat them so "that us lotheth the lif," and as beginning to rack their brains if "mighte we with any wit" their "wille withstonde." The poll-tax of 1381 caused an almost uni-

versal explosion among the English working classes, and the people of Essex and Kent marched on London, and, taking the Tower, beheaded several great people. Every one knows how Richard II. cajoled the insurgents by offering himself to be their leader, and promising them justice, and how in less than three weeks he broke all his promises, executing a multitude of the simple-minded laborers who had believed in him. Tresilian, the Jeffreys of the time, held his Bloody Assize, and some 1500 perished, being hanged, nine or ten together on one beam. Richard, with the insolence of precocious youth, told these martyrs for justice and liberty that they were bondmen, and should remain in a bondage incomparably viler than before, and that while he lived he would keep them under, so that posterity, having their misery before their eyes, might fear to do the like. Richard was already surrounded by men who were working for oligarchy in London and autocracy in the State.

This great uprising of the English people drew its moral strength from Lollardy, a fact which explains the savage measures taken early in Henry IV.'s reign for its extirpation. By the statute of 1401, bishops could imprison all who held Lollard doctrine, and, if they would not abjure, hand them over to the civil power to be burnt to death in some high place, so as to strike terror in the people. If the cry of their foes, "Every other man in England is a Lollard," had any truth in it, the Parliament that passed this statute was clearly no representation of the country, but only of property.

What the temper of the landowners was comes out in the answer Parliament gave to Richard II. when, by his Chancellor, he asked whether they were for maintaining the promises made to enfranchise the serfs, or if they supported his revocation of these promises. The prelates and temporal

* "Statutes of the Realm" (23, 25 and 24 Ed., III.).

lords, the knights, citizens and burghs answered with one voice, "The revocation is well done," adding that the serfs could not be enfranchised without their assent, and that assent they would not give even if they were all to die in one day.* The statutes of the time of the great pestilence were reaffirmed with cumulative penalties, or forty days' imprisonment—a terrifying punishment when the prison was a mediæval one. To prevent any depletion of the slave-property, they forbade, on pain of a year's imprisonment, the apprenticing of a poor man's child in a town.

The extent to which Plantagenet kings and Anglo-Norman landlords were capable of going may be seen in the famous Statute of Kilkenny, enacted during the last period of Lionel Plantagenet's viceroyship of Ireland. It was made high treason for any one of the dominant race to marry an Irish person, or to bring up an Irish child, or to become its sponsor; even taking an Irish name, or speaking in Irish, or wearing the Irish dress, or using Irish customs involved forfeiture of lands.⁷ Such was the spirit in which those who had got possession of the land maintained their power. And the oppressors in both countries were foreigners, for, although they had resided in England for a certain number of generations, they were French in blood and language. Edward III. was one-quarter Castilian and almost three-quarters French; what he had of Saxon, Scotch and Flemish blood was little more than one per cent. It is doubtful whether he could understand English.⁸ The Conquest established in England a foreign court, a foreign aristocracy and a foreign hierarchy. And the thoroughness of the Conquest intensified by time. French more and more became

the language of the State. The proceedings of Parliament were carried on in French; only on the very greatest occasions, such as at the time of the Great Charter, and at the deposition of Richard II., was it recognized that there was an English people speaking their own language. As Robert of Gloucester says: "I wene there is no country in the world that holdeth not to its own speech but England alone." These things indicate the oppression and depression of the vast mass of poor Englishmen, and the more they are searched into the more we understand the roots of crime in England. Many of the oppressed turned cut-throats, and the foreign lords had to make law after law to protect themselves, and it was only in the reign of Edward III. that this ceased.

As the battles of Crècy, Poitiers and Azincourt, with the deliverance of France by the Maid of Orleans, avenged the French peasantry, so the Wars of the Roses avenged the English people. Their Anglo-French rulers destroyed one another. The first droppings of the storm came as early as 1403, when the Percies led a host of discontented nobles against Henry IV. and were totally defeated, 2300 men of rank being left dead on the field. There is no estimate, as far as I know, of the numbers that fell in the thirteen battles of the Wars of the Roses. At Towton the blood of these proud knights and barons poured down the snow-covered furrows, 28,000 men of all ranks having fallen on that ghastly Palm Sunday. It was the men of rank who were specially then marked out for slaughter. A bloodthirsty spirit characterized the struggle from the very first; the manifesto put forth in the name of Henry VI., just before the first battle of St. Albans, was most vindictive in tone,

* "Rot. Parl." vol. III. p. 100 (5 Richard II. c. 13, 1381).

⁷ Cusack, "Hist. of the Irish Nation," p. 609.

⁸ Pearson, C. H., "English History in the 14th Century," p. 283.

and calculated to rouse the tiger in the Yorkists. They believed Margaret of Anjou kept a book in which the names of all the foes of the Red Rose were inscribed in blood. The demoralization of the women is seen in the remorseless treachery by which Queen Elizabeth Woodville procured the murder of the Earl of Desmond.

The descendants of the Norman conquerors fell by "that madness which sets each man's hand 'gainst each." The way the great lords were summarily executed during these wars is more appalling than their slaughter in the fight. The gory head of the Duke of York, with its derisive paper crown, over a gate in York was thoroughly characteristic of the cataract of bad passions which now found a vent and carried these Anglo-French barons and knights with fury to destruction. The tiger comes out more and more; the bloodthirstiness of the struggle is only equalled by its shameless treacheries and its many acts of most revolting cruelty. In the end a great number of Anglo-Norman houses disappeared altogether. From the outbreak of the Civil War to the end of the century sixty peerages were forfeited, fell into abeyance, or became extinct, so that in Henry VII.'s first Parliament there were only twenty-eight lay peers. The average number in Henry VI.'s later Parliaments had been fifty-one, the same necessity existing for omitting to summon the disaffected and openly rebellious.

The utter ruin of so many great families, built up on what had been a series of flagrant violations of the sixth, eighth and tenth commandments, ought to convince any Christian that it is a great delusion to think God holds his judgment on men's doings in abeyance. A man would have to be very blind indeed who, having studied the history of the Norman invaders from their arrival in this country to their mutual

destruction in the Wars of the Roses, could say, "In contrast with the divine intervention in human affairs" up to the days of the Apostles, "Heaven has now been dumb for eighteen centuries."

IV.

The Hundred Years War with France for which Edward III. was mainly responsible, not only ended in total failure, but demoralized England, drove back its civilization, cost thousands of English lives and vast sums of money, the result, or the forestalment of the results, of English labor. These evils are, however, quite put in the background by the inconceivable misery inflicted upon France. Before Edward III.'s invasions its commerce was prospering, and its population rapidly increasing. The cities and towns on the coast of Normandy were so flourishing that Caen was almost as large as London. After the war had continued some time, Petrarch, visiting France, said:

"I could not believe that this was the same France that I had seen so rich and flourishing. Nothing presented itself to my eyes but a fearful solitude in utter poverty—land uncultivated, houses in ruins. Even the neighborhood of Paris showed everywhere marks of desolation and conflagration; the streets were deserted, the roads overgrown with weeds, the whole a vast solitude."

What was the condition of France when the war was over? In place of the "King's Peace," the truce to feudal violence, the country was now the prey of wretched petty wars; it had been driven back into barbarism without the goodness, the simplicity, the faith of barbaric times. The northern provinces had become a desert, the centre resembled what our colonials call "the bush." The wretched inhabitants of the country had fled to the towns, mak-

ing them still more miserable. Numbers of houses were empty—closed for good, the poor pillaging them for firewood. In the capital, poverty and famine brought a train of horrible diseases, hardly distinguishable from the plague. Every one who could fled from Paris; no one came willingly but the wolves, which entered the city at dusk, seeking food. Finding nothing to eat in the open country they were furious from hunger. According to a contemporary, who probably exaggerates, in September, 1438, the wolves devoured fourteen persons between Montmartre and the Porte Saint-Antoine.

Edward III. had his "warning to be ware." In 1359, emboldened by Crècy and Poitiers, he invaded France with the largest army he had ever led. He besieged Rheims, having determined to be crowned there, but after five or six weeks he gave up the attempt and withdrew into Burgundy. Then he marched on Paris, looking wistfully at the city, and retired towards Brittany. His course was strewn with men and horses, dead from want, or from the severe fatigues they had undergone in this winter campaign. A terrific tempest of thunder and lightning, hail and rain, brought the Day of Judgment to his remembrance, and he vowed that he would give peace to France. The result was the Treaty of Bretigny.

But woe to the repentant spoiler, for in the hour he begins to do right commences the long series of avengements exacted by the inflexible law: "Be done by as you did." Henceforth Edward's star was on the wane, and the year 1372 saw the downfall of his power in France. His fleet at La Rochelle was totally defeated and France almost wrenched from his grip.

The avenging angel had already begun to strike. The Black Prince and the Black Prince's eldest son both died before Edward III.—the Edward IV. and Edward V. of his dreams. Five

sons of Edward III. reached manhood. If we could see a procession in which each one appeared, followed by a train of slaughtered descendants, we should understand the true meaning of those much misapplied words: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man."

By the side of the litter of the Black Prince, who, yet in the prime of life, lies slowly dying, comes the heir of his name and his fame, a boy not seven years of age, on whom death has already put his hand. A king follows, uncrowned and unkempt. As some dragon-fly struck down by brutal blows, its beautiful wings broken and covered with mire, the only legitimate descendant of the hero of Crècy and Poitiers, dies the victim of a prison murder. His brother, the Black Prince's natural son, is dragged to the gallows and suffers there the barbarous death of a traitor.

The second group is led by Lionel of Antwerp. Married at the age of fourteen, in order to secure the vast estates of the De Burghs, owners of Western and Northern Ireland, this Duke of Clarence marries again at twenty, and gets 2,000,000 gold florins and many Piedmontese towns and castles. Four months of festivities end in a sudden and fatal illness, and his sole heiress is an only daughter, whose son, Roger Mortimer, is slain in Ireland, and her grandson, Edward Mortimer, the legitimate successor to the Crown of England, shut up in an Irish prison. Lionel Plantagenet's granddaughter, Elizabeth, sister to Edward Mortimer, is married to a man of Plantagenet blood—Shakespeare's "Hotspur," slain in the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). Their son, Henry Percy, second Earl of Northumberland, together with four of his sons, all fell in the Wars of the Roses (1455, 1460, 1461, 1464). The fourth earl is killed by the populace (1489), and his grandson hanged at Tyburn (1537), the

seventh earl is beheaded (1572), and the eighth earl is found shot in the Tower (1596), the ninth earl is imprisoned for life in the Tower, and the male line of the Percies becomes extinct with his grandson.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, follows with a still larger group of victims. His son, Henry IV., responsible for the deposition and death of Richard II., is succeeded by Henry V., who, cut off in the moment when the culminating point of Plantagenet ambition—the Crown of France—is within his grasp, leaves his splendid but insecure conquest to an infant in its mother's arms.

Henry IV.'s other sons both fell before the avenger—Thomas, Duke of Clarence, in the battle of Baugy (1421), while Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of England during the minority of Henry VI., and popular as the enemy of the graspers and reactionaries of the time, is finally overcome by them, arrested as a traitor, and suddenly dies, by foul means as was generally believed (1446). Two of his grandsons fell in the Wars of the Roses, and his great-grandson, Richard Grey, was beheaded.

After the second battle of St. Albans, Sir Thomas Kyriel, a former leader in the French wars, was taken prisoner and brought before her. Turning to her son, Prince Edward, a child of six years of age, she asked him what they should do to the old man. "Behead him," he replied. The deed was there and then done in the presence of mother and child. Ten years later this Lancastrian Prince of Wales stands himself a prisoner before the revengeful Yorkists. "What brought you to England?" demands Edward IV. "My father's crown and my own inheritance." A blow in the face with his gauntlet is the King's chivalrous response, and those about him, some say the King's brothers and brothers-in-law,

draw their swords and kill this sixteen-year-old prince.

Henry VI.'s assassination follows, put to death, it is said, before the altar of a private chapel in the Tower. In all respects the very opposite of the two Richards, between whom in the order of succession he is immolated, of Henry of Windsor it could be said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Both France and England, at this time so closely connected, had their lambs of sacrifice. In the former country a peasant-girl, in the latter a king whose unique distinction it was to be crowned both in Notre Dame and in Westminster Abbey. The two victims must have seen each other during the trial of the Maid at Rouen, but they could have little imagined that their careers were among the numerous parallelisms of the time. The word spoken to the conscience of France by the appearance of such wonderful gifts of faith, courage and leadership in a girl of the class despised by those who pretended that they were the only persons capable of defending France was repeated in a different form in England. To the representative of this all-grasping homicidal house of Plantagenet, to the leading member of this turbulent Anglo-French baronage were given most singular gifts of humility, simplicity and gentleness, as exasperating to these Plantagenets and Anglo-French nobility, as were the opposite virtues bestowed on the peasant-girl from Domrémy to the *noblesse* of France. In both countries God had very manifestly "pulled down the mighty from their seats, and exalted those of low degree."

It was indeed a sacrificial fate to which these two lambs were led. Jeanne's career, as befits her ardent nature, is wonderfully short. For a less space than two years she shines forth in the sight of men—then her glory is extinguished in the murky

flames of a carnival of Satan, presided over by a Plantagenet cardinal and a few French bishops. Henry, on the other hand, has to endure a long, dull misery, growing more and more cruel until it ends in the tragedy in the Tower. Bereft at one time of mental power, he recovers, but only to pass through a worse trial—the most sanguinary of civil wars in which he whose tender soul shrinks from killing any man has to see his friends both slaughtered and slaughter, to know that his name is being constantly used to cover deeds of blood, to find himself a fugitive and an outlaw, betrayed at last, and brought like a felon into the metropolis, his legs tied together under the belly of a miserable horse, the mob loading him with insults. During the five years King Henry was a prisoner in the Tower he is shamefully neglected, even beaten by his jailors. And, as if to add deeper pain to his long-protracted suffering, he is for a short time withdrawn from his seclusion and again put on the throne. Silent and pallid, but royally arrayed, the people who watched the procession say, "He looks like a crowned calf."

John of Gaunt's descendants by Catherine Swynford offer another line of victims. Their eldest son, Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset (1455), with three of his sons and his son-in-law, fall victims of the Wars of the Roses—two of the sons by decapitation (1462-1471).

The Nemesis becomes more exacting when, by the marriage of Edmund Beaufort's sister with James I. of Scotland, Plantagenets and Stuarts unite. James I. is murdered, James II. killed by an accident, James III is murdered, his brother, the Earl of Mar, he puts to death for witchcraft, while his other brother, the Duke of Albany, is accidentally killed; James IV. falls, together with his son, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, at Flodden; and James V.,

succeeding to the throne as an infant, dies after a troubled and gloomy reign, leaving the kingdom to a seven-days-old babe, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Her destiny is tragically connected with that of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, another descendant of Johanna Beaufort by her second husband, the Black Knight of Lorne.

Queen Johanna's sister marries Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and their three sons all perish in the Wars of the Roses, two beheaded (1462, 1460) and one killed (1471).

John of Gaunt's daughters are progenitors of two more groups. Joan Beaufort marries Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland; their son Richard, Earl of Salisbury, is beheaded in 1460. His sons, Richard, the King-maker, and John, are slain at Barnet, and their cousin, Henry Neville at Edgcote. Elizabeth Beaufort, Gaunt's other daughter, marries John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, a Plantagenet affected by the homicidal propensity. Their grandson, Henry Holland, himself almost two-thirds Plantagenet, marries a descendant of Edward III., Anne, sister of Edward IV. This Duke of Exeter lay amongst the dead on the field of Barnet for nine hours. Found and attended to by a surgeon, he recovers and flies to the Continent, where he is seen by Comines, begging and in rags. In 1473 his corpse is found in the Channel.

In the next family group passing before us it is made very clear that it is fratricide the Avenger is pursuing. Edward III. and the people who lived in England, Philip IV. and the people who lived in France, were all baptized into Christ. For baptized men to fight and kill each other is the most heinous form of fratricide. Edward III. lived in an age when this truth was very clear, much clearer than it is to-day, for five centuries of contempt of the fundamental thoughts of Christianity

have not been without blinding and stupefying effects. Edward's light being greater than ours, his punishment was more rapid and distinct. Fratricide, in its most cruel forms, pursues his house.

Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., left but a feeble impression on his times, but his descendants wrote their story in Plantagenet blood. The part this Duke of York took in the Black Prince's devastating campaign in France was fitly rewarded by an alliance with the daughter of a notorious murderer, Pedro the Cruel. Of Edmund's children by Isabella of Castile, Edmund, second Duke of York, was smothered under a heap of slain at Azincourt; Richard, Earl of Cambridge, was beheaded (1415); and this also was the fate of Thomas le Despenser, husband of their sister Constance (1400). The son of the Earl of Cambridge by Anne Mortimer, great-granddaughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and who, according to the law of primogeniture, was the Queen of England, is the Duke of York who begins the great struggle for the crown. He is beheaded after the battle of Wakefield (1460). Of his four sons, one, a boy, is murdered after the same battle; Edward IV. dies prematurely; and Edward IV.'s sons—Edward V. and Richard, fifth Duke of York—are smothered in the Tower; George, Duke of Clarence, suffers death in some mysterious way in the same dismal prison—a case of literal fratricide; his children come to tragical ends—Edward Earl of Warwick, being beheaded (1499); while Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, is, in old age, hacked to death on the scaffold (1541), her son, Lord Montacute, having been beheaded two years earlier. In Richard of Gloucester, York's remaining son, the fratricidal madness which seemed to possess the Plantagenets reached its culminating point. As a victim of ancestral sin he is a real ob-

ject of commiseration. The picture Sir Thomas More gives of the scene in the Council Chamber which ended in Richard sending Lord Hastings to the block, shows him to have been a man tortured in body and mind. This terrible heritage is, perhaps, to be seen in his handwriting, tremulous at thirty years of age as that of a man of ninety. In this House of York Plantagenet degeneracy becomes peculiarly apparent. What can we make of the strange eagerness of the Princess Elizabeth to be married to an uncle whom she had every reason to believe the murderer of her brothers? Even Anne Neville's marriage to Richard is revolting. Nothing but moral paralysis can explain it. Happily the child born to such a heritage was mercifully saved from its intolerable burden. He expired suddenly when a boy of eleven years of age. The battle of Bosworth concludes this part of the tragedy. Deserted by nearly every one, Richard rides frantically into the midst of his enemies, the last of the Plantagenets seeking to kill the first of the Tudors. He fights as one frenzied, and, trying to reach the man who had come to seize his crown, a host close in on him, drag him to the ground, and he dies as a wild boar surrounded by a pack of hounds.

Extinction and ruin were generally the result which followed the honor of an alliance with the Plantagenets. Isabel, granddaughter of Edmund of Langley, marries Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester; their daughter Anne, heiress of the vast Beauchamp property, marries Warwick the King-maker, and, sharing his ruin, has to surrender no less than one hundred and eleven estates, and to wander about in poverty. Isabel, sister of the Duke of York beheaded at Wakefield, marries Henry Bouchier, Earl of Essex, and her three sons are all slain in the civil war (1460-71). Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV., marries John de la

Pole, Duke of Suffolk. Two of her sons are beheaded (1487, 1503), and a third is slain in the battle of Pavia.

Last of all comes a line of victims following their murdered sire, Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III. The earliest of the three Plantagenet dukes of Gloucester, who all ended most unhappily, Thomas of Woodstock made a good stand against the ring who surrounded Richard II., and who worked for a wealthy oligarchy in the city^a and an autocracy in the State. Richard, by a *coup-de-main*, seized his "bel oncle," had him conveyed to Calais and there smothered. This unfortunate duke's eldest son was prematurely cut off; leaving no children, however, his daughter Anne, married to Edmund de Stafford, killed at Shrewsbury in 1403, originated a house which inherited in its earlier stages Thomas of Woodstock's pride and combativeness. Anne's son, Humphry, duke of Buckingham, falls at Northampton (1460); his son, the Earl of Stafford, married to Margaret Beaufort, being killed at St. Albans (1455). The second duke, the unscrupulous supporter of Richard III., is beheaded (1483); the third duke, Edward, scorned of the *parvenu* Wolsey, went to the block in 1521, the great house of Stafford losing forever its wealth, honors and splendor. This Duke of Buckingham's natural daughter, the "Madge Wildfire" of the Pilgrimage of Grace, is cruelly burnt at Smithfield. Henry de Stafford, son of Duke Edward, restored in blood and to the title of Lord Stafford, marries a granddaughter of George, Duke of Clarence—the third alliance between the Plantagenets and the Staffords. What can sound grander! but it was but the prelude of a rapid descent into the lowly estate of those whose possessions are eternally secure. Their grandson, Richard de Stafford, has a

son and a daughter. The son, Roger, claiming the title, is, on account of his poverty, refused it by Charles I., and induced for a small sum of money to agree to its surrender. His sister, Joan de Stafford, marries a joiner, and gives birth to a son, who, in 1637, is living at Newport, in Shropshire, working as a cobbler.

V.

We have not had to search the history of Christendom, but only to glean in one little corner of it, and at once we come on a multitude of public events, each one proclaiming not only that there is a God, but that He judges the world in righteousness, and the nations with His truth, and when we put all these facts together, and look at them as a whole, we are astounded to think that any one should say God is silent, least of all a religious man, and one who already recognizes that there is a God.

But what is "His truth?" What the standard by which He judges the nations? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself." This is the summary of the law and the prophets, and the key of the history of Christendom. To families, nations, Churches, as well as to individuals, this fundamental, all-embracing law is continually being applied. All are judged by it, and being judged every day. "If ye continue in my word," says the Judge, "ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The family, nation, Church or individual acting on this principle, achieves moral freedom, acting on the contrary, it enters into the way of slavery and death.

Christ has said this in human language, oral and audible, and now that He is in heaven He is saying the same by His Spirit in countless ways to men. And God uses to-day and throughout

^a "National Biography," Brembre, Sir Nicholas, vol. vi. p. 255.

history the same language which He used before He became incarnate, and for a brief space dwelt among men. "He speaks," says Augustine, "by Himself and His creatures," and among His creatures we ought to include facts which are the result of the operation of His laws. These facts understood in their wholeness express His judgment. For although we can never see any fact or series of facts in that entirety in which God sees them, we do get a nearer approximation to that wholeness of things as the course of history unfolds, and thus history becomes the record of the judgments of God on men and things. History thus regarded contains God's word to man. Far from maintaining that ghastly silence which Dr. Anderson, and those who follow him, imagine, the Eternal Father, in the progress of human events, is continually revealing to those who seek light in His light His judgment on human action. For He has not left Himself without an interpreter to all men everywhere. The Holy Spirit speaks continually to the consciences of men, and thus as time rolls on they understand how to judge the past, and that judgment, when it becomes universal and final, is God's judgment.

Few indeed are they who love Justice and Truth supremely. But to those who do, history is the sphere in which they hear God's word, and the field in which they behold His mighty acts: His deeds of deliverance are ever going on and becoming, as the drama unfolds, grander and more convincing. Was the exodus from Egypt, with its ten plagues, more sublime than is the exodus of modern Christendom from the servitude of the greater Egypt—from the modern Pharaohs called Roman Servitude, Feudal Servitude, Negro Slavery and the still existing servitude resulting from the land system, the commercial system and the wage system? Shall we say that the break up

of the Roman Empire from the invasions of the Frank and the Goth, the Hundred Years War in France, the Wars of the Roses, the invasions of Italy, the struggles of religious liberty culminating in the Reformation, the struggles for civil liberty, culminating in the French Revolution, the edicts of servile emancipation in the nineteenth century, and finally, 1848, with the rise of modern Socialism and all it means, were and are less sublime manifestations of God's wrath against the colossal tyrannies which have had and still have modern Christendom under their heel? The events, on the contrary, are to us, in our time and way of thinking, vastly more stupendous and awe-inspiring.

God, Dr. Anderson actually says, wants neither our morality nor our religion; whether we are moral or religious or not is a matter of supreme indifference to God.¹⁰

That a book in which such statements occur—and, I am bound to say, they are not out of harmony with the rest of the work—should have been received among Evangelicals with marked approval must arise from the very peculiar condition in which modern religion is found. The individualism that can go on serenely living in the best houses, in the best part of the town, while the masses around welter in misery, whole families having to crowd into a single room, thinks God such another as itself.

To this most shocking idea of a God serenely indifferent to human suffering I oppose the thought of one who, though a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic, speaks on this subject in a really Evangelic manner, and utters what to me seem really Evangelic sentiments:

"What," asks the Abbé Gratry, "do you really suppose that the personal God, free and intelligent, loving and

¹⁰ "The Silence of God," p. 134.

good, who knows every detail of human torture, and hears every sigh—that this God, who sees, who loves as we do, and more than we do, do you believe that He is present and looks pitilessly on what breaks your heart, and what to Him must be the spectacle of Satan revelling in the blood of humanity? That men so feel for sufferers that they have been drawn to die with them, so that even their executioners themselves have become the next martyrs, history teaches. And you represent God, the absolute Goodness, as alone impassible.

"It is here," he continues, "the Evangelical faith comes in. Our God was made man to suffer and to die!

"Yes, there is the true God. He has suffered from the beginning in all who have suffered, He has been hungry in all who have hungered, and has been immolated in all and with all, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. *Agnus occisus ab origine mundi.*"¹¹

Does any one stumble at this because

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it comes from a Roman Catholic? Let him read a sermon entitled "The Work of God," by Alexander Vinet,¹² the greatest theologian the Reformed Churches of France and Switzerland have had in modern times, and he will find a similar doctrine taught, and perhaps in still more forcible language.

The Suffering God—this is not simply the teaching of modern divines, it is a New Testament thought, and is one that answers all the doubts that arise at the sight of human suffering. To know that God is suffering with it makes that suffering more awful, but it gives strength, and life, and hope, for we know that if God is in it, suffering is the road to victory. If He shares our suffering, we shall share His crown.

Richard Heath.

¹¹ Grntry, A., "La Morale et la Loi de l'Histoire," vol. i. pp. 165-166.

¹² Vinet, A., "Vital Christianity," p. 240.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

(Written after the death of his wife.

Methinks thou say'st: "I wait for thee;
I am but gone before;
Why then should Art and Nature fail
To charm thee as of yore?"

'Tis vain; the sun of love has fled,
And dawnless midnight falls;
The glory gone from dome and tower
And old historic walls.

The rose of sunset from thy hills,
The sapphire from thy sea:—
O charm uncharmed! O fond regret—
Farewell, fair Italy!

F. T. Palgrave.

THE PERISHING LAND.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN

II.

THE TENANTS OF THE FARM.

The family was assembled, and all eyes were turned upon the young girl as she entered, but nobody spoke. She passed along the wall with a sense of isolation from the rest, trying to subdue the clicking of her sabots, that she might attract the less attention, and approaching the fire, spread her hands out above the blaze as though they were cold. Her sister, Eleanore, a tall girl with a profile like a horse, a stolid face and lifeless blue eyes, stood aside as though to make room for her, but really to mark the ill-feeling that subsisted between her and Rosette, and continued munching at a piece of bread and some scraps of meat, which she ate standing, as is the custom of women in the old families of La Vendée. They stood thus, one on either side of the hearth, under the soot-blackened hood of the chimney, while the gleaming firelight shone between them, on the tenants and furniture of the vast hall, built to accommodate rustic folk, at a time when wood was plenty. Overhead ran the great main beam with an infinite number of cross-beams attached, all blackened by smoke and dust and flies. The leaping flames also illuminated the smooth posts of two canopied beds, standing side by side opposite the fireplace, and the walnut-wood boxes which served as footstools for clambering up into those lofty couches, as well as a rosary and a few photographs grouped about a bronze crucifix, at the head of one of the beds. Three

men were seated at the table in the middle of the room, all on the same bench, but in the order of their importance: the father first and farthest from the outer door, then Mathurin, then François. A small petroleum lamp lighted their bent brows, the soup-tureen, a dish of cold pork, and another of raw apples. They were not all eating from the same bowl, as many peasants do, but each of them had a tin-plate with a cover, and a white handled knife which was not a pocket-knife.

These were refinements introduced by François when he returned from his military service, and the old farmer regarded them as indications that the outside world had greatly changed.

Toussaint Lumineau appeared preoccupied and ate in silence. His tranquil, manly old face contrasted strangely with the deformed features of the eldest boy, Mathurin, though they had once been very like. But since the accident to which no one ever alluded, but which haunted the memories of them all at Fromentière, the son was but a caricature, a defaced and distressing copy of the father. The big head, with its thick red hair, was sunk between the hunched shoulders; and while the broad chest and long arms and hands belonged to a colossal figure, yet when this giant lifted himself upon his crutches, a shapeless torso was revealed, from which depended a pair of powerless, twisted legs. It was the body of a prize-fighter terminating in two pitiful spindle-shanks, barely ca-

pable of sustaining the man's weight for a second or two, from which life was gradually but uninterruptedly ebbing away. He was barely thirty, but the strong beard which grew as high as the cheek bones was already streaked with gray. Amid this halry growth which touched the locks upon either side of the head, and gave its wearer the look of a wild beast, above the unwholesomely mottled cheeks, gleamed a pair of small dark blue eyes, habitually sad in their expression, but emitting, now and again, a flash of ungovernable fury, as the condemned man took note of the successive stages of his torture. One half of him had to watch, with impotent rage, the lingering agony of the other half. What wonder if deep wrinkles furrowed the forehead and the space between the eyes? "Poor big Lumineau!" the mother had been wont to say, "the handsomest of all our boys, and look at him now."

Her distress was but natural. Six years before he had come back from his regiment as superb a creature as he went away. Three years of barrack life had left scarcely a trace upon that rough peasant nature, whose dreams were all of toil and harvest, and his habits of mind the same as those of his fathers before him. People said of him on his return, "Lumineau's eldest hasn't changed at all. He's not like other fellows!" One evening he had taken a load of wheat to the grain-merchant at Challans, and was coming back with an empty cart. Sitting and laughing beside him was the girl whom he wanted to marry—Félicité Gauvrit, from the farm of Seullère at Sallertaine. It was growing dark on the road, the wheel ruts indistinguishable from the lines of grass between them. Absorbed in his companion and trusting to his horse's knowledge of the way, Mathurin let the reins drop, and they dragged upon

the ground. They were coming down a steep little pitch not far from Fromentière, when the horse was struck by a projecting branch and began to run. The cart rocked from side to side, the wheels leaped the grassy ridges, the girl wanted to jump. "Don't be afraid, Félicité, I'll manage!" shouted the youth, and springing forward he made an attempt to seize the horse by the bit and so stop him. But the darkness—a sudden jolt, ill-fate in short, defeated his purpose. He slipped on the harness and there were two sharp cries; one from above, the other from beneath the cart. The wheel had gone over Mathurin's legs, and when Félicité Gauvrit succeeded in reaching him he was trying to rise but could not. For eight months he screamed with pain, then the agony subsided and he uttered no more complaints. But his feet were dead, and soon his knees also became insensible. He could only crawl upon hands and knees, dragging the lifeless part of his body behind him, and his wrists grew enormous with the exercise. He could still guide a punt with a pole through the canals that intersect the Marais, but any other kind of locomotion soon exhausted him. In a rude little cart, such as farm children love to pull about, his father would drag him to the more distant of the ploughed fields, and there he would sit, powerless to aid in the toil he loved and for which he was born—desperate.

"Poor big Lumineau, the handsomest of all the boys." He had lost every trace of gaiety. The soul was deformed like the body. He had become hard, suspicious, ill-natured. His brothers and sisters hid their most insignificant movements from this man, for whom the happiness of others had become an insult. They dreaded most of all his keenness in scenting out love affairs, and the treachery of his attempts to break them off. The man for whom love was not to be hated the very

thought of love. He also hated the thought of another taking that place at the farm which belonged of right to him as the eldest—the place of the future master and his father's successor. For this reason he was jealous of François, and still more so of André, the fine cavalryman and their father's favorite, and even of the servant, who would also be dangerous were he to marry Rosette.

Sometimes Mathurin Lumineau said "If I could only get well! It seems to me that I am a little better." But at others a sort of fury seized him, and he would go for days without speaking, lurking about in corners of the house or the out-buildings, until tears came to quench his rage. At such times the only man who could approach him was his father, and the only thing that softened him was the sight of the home fields, the oxen at work, the sowing of wheat and oats, the horizons which had been familiar to him when he was full of life. During the six years that he had been alive no longer he had never gone to the harvest festival at Sallertaine; not even for his Easter communion which he refused to take. He had never seen Félicité Gauvrit of the Seullière, but he said, now and then, to Eleanore, "Is she going to be married, do you know? Is she as handsome as she was when we were friends?"

When Marie-Rose entered the big living room that night, Mathurin only gave her a furtive glance, and she knew at once that he was in an ugly mood, and had divined her meeting with the man outside.

By the side of Mathurin sat François, a medium-sized fellow, wholly unlike his brother, fat, rosy, jolly, of whom Rosette was not in the least afraid. He cared more for his own ease than any of the others. Moderately industrious, inclined to be a spendthrift, fond of fairs and markets, he was easy

enough to live with, for the reason that he needed the good will of others. Physically and morally he resembled Eleanore, who was two years older than he. He had a large face like her, and dull, blue eyes, and there was a sort of apathy about them both which won them many a reprimand from their father. But while the girl, protected by the atmosphere of the home and the influence of the dead mother, who had been one of those meek and holy peasant women of whom there are still so many in remote country places, had remained perfectly honest, his term of barrack life had been the ruin of the boy. He had undergone the military discipline without comprehending its necessity, or getting the good therefrom which it is capable of affording. He had been ordered about, punished, sent hither and thither for three years, but he had never felt that any one liked him; he had never been sustained in the few feeble good intentions which he had brought with him into camp, or treated like a man ennobled by his little share in a great sacrifice. On the other hand, all the evils of barrack life had had their full effect on him; the habits and the talk of the mess-room, the perpetual contrivances for evading the rules; the prejudices and the manifold corruptions of men torn from their firesides, home-sick and wholly new to the temptations of great towns, and left without any moral guidance, at the most critical period of their youth. He was neither better nor worse than the average soldier who goes back to the country after his term of military service. He brought with him to Fromentière a haunting memory of the evil places he had seen, a mistrust of all authority, a distaste for the hard labor and uncertain results of husbandry, which he was always contrasting in his mind with those vague civic employments which he had heard praised as allow-

ing a good deal of leisure. He was changed indeed from the rough young Maralchin, the inseparable companion of André in the old days, as also his protector and model in all things, who had tramped the banks of the canals whisking a tamarisk bough to make sure that the cattle had not strayed beyond bounds, or to pick up any chance duck which might have tumbled into the ditches. The man had had gone back to his ploughing and cattle-herding, unwillingly, and merely because there was nothing else to do. The neighborhood of Challans, with its low taverns and drinking saloons was a perpetual temptation. His was a weak, inert nature, his comrades challenged him and he let himself be led away. On a Tuesday especially, which was market-day, it happened too often that the father saw his son of twenty-seven leave the farm at dusk, on one pretense or another, only to come back late at night stupefied and insensible to remonstrance; and the old man felt it keenly. François had changed the whole character of the place, inasmuch that Fromentière was no longer a sacred spot, loved and defended by all who belonged there, which nobody ever cared to leave. In the huge room where the family was at this moment assembled, how many mothers and children, how many peaceful and patient old folks, had dwelt before them. There had been suffering and weeping there, but never disloyalty to the farm. If the wood burned on that hearth by people of the same name could be restored to the place where it grew, it would make a forest; but how would it be with the generations to come?

The old farmer had felt sure for some time that François and Eleanore were plotting something together. They got letters, both of them, which they said nothing about. They had mysterious talks in the corners of the fields, and occasionally, on Sunday, the girl would

write a letter upon plain paper—not the flowered kind that one uses for one's friends. Lumineau had a suspicion that these two children of his, tired of being ruled and scolded, though never so mildly, were on the lookout for some farm in an adjoining parish where they might be master and mistress. He put aside the thought as unjust to them, but still it recurred, for the future of Fromentière was the main anxiety of his life, and François would be the heir, because of the misfortune which had happened to the eldest. So if it chanced that François worked a little better than usual the father would take heart and say, "My boy is coming round after all!"

The truth is that among the four young people gathered in the great house-place of the farm on that September evening, one only preserved intact the hereditary characteristics and energies of the race, and that was little Rosette, who stood munching the slice of bread that Eleanore had given her. One countenance alone expressed the old zest for life, the perfect health of mind and body, the courage untried as yet, but which only awaits its hour, and it was that of the little maid to whom nobody had addressed a word, but who held her head high under the hood of the fire-place.

"There's no more soup," said the farmer. "Will you have a bit of pork, Mathurin?"

"None for me! It's always the same thing."

"And a very good thing, too. I like pork."

But the invalid pushed back his plate and shrugged his shoulders.

"The other kinds of meat are too dear for us now," he muttered.

Toussaint Lumineau winced at being thus reminded of the past prosperity of Fromentière, but he answered without irritation:

"'Tis true enough my poor Mathur-

in, that we've had a hard year and expenses have been heavy." Then, by way of changing the subject, "Hasn't that man come in?" he asked.

"I have not seen him."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

After a brief silence, during which all eyes were turned toward the fireplace, Eleanore said, "You'd better ask Rosette. She knows all about it."

The young girl turned half way round toward the table, so that her profile was outlined against the flames.

"Yes," she answered, "I know all about it. I met him at the stile. He is gone hunting."

"Again?" cried the farmer. "Well, there's got to be an end to that. The bailiff of the Marquis came and charged me with his poaching to-night, when I was stripping cabbages."

"But why cannot he go for lapwings as well as another?" asked Rosette. "Everybody does it."

Eleanore and François both sneered audibly to show their dislike of the foreigner, the man from the Bocage, who was Rosette's friend; but the farmer, somewhat reassured by the reflection that the overseer would never interfere with Jean Nesmy's hunting in the Marais, which was a sort of neutral ground, where everybody made free with the birds of passage, addressed himself once more to his plate. François was growing drowsy, and ate no more; but the cripple drank slowly, staring straight before him, and thinking, may be, that he too had once loved hunting. There was a moment of seeming peace, during which the wind whistled softly in the cracks of the door, a summer wind still, that came in regular surges like an ocean tide. The two girls had now seated themselves in the chimney corner, and were finishing their supper with an apple apiece, which they peeled attentively.

But the soul of the farmer had been

stirred by his talk with the overseer, and by those words of Mathurin, "too dear for us now." The old man looked back over the series of years which his children,—unfair witnesses that they were!—had known only in part, according to their respective ages. He glanced from Mathurin to François, as though he would appeal to their memory of the oxen they had driven, and the eels they had caught when they were boys. Finally, when he could restrain himself no longer, he said:

"There's been a great change in the country hereabout since the days of the old Marquis. Do you remember him, Mathurin?"

"Oh, yes," answered the dull voice of the invalid, "I remember him well enough. A big, high-colored man, who used to come in and say 'Hulloa, boys! Has your father got another bottle of that old Muscadet in his cellar? Run and get it, Mathurin or François!'"

"It was just as you say," pursued the peasant, with a softened smile. "He liked a drink. There never were nobles less proud than ours. And the good stories they used to tell! And rich—Oh Lord, yes, children, they were rich in those days. They never minded about the rent if the crops happened to be bad! Why, they've lent me money more than once to buy oxen or seed. They were a bit high-tempered, but one could get on with them,—while as for their men of business—" and he made a violent gesture as though he would have knocked some one down.

"Yes," assented the eldest, "they're a bad lot."

"And then Mlle. Ambrosine; she used to come and play with you, Eleanore, and with Rosette especially, for she came between you two in age. I suppose she must be twenty-five years old by now! Goodness, but she was handsome—with her white teeth and her hair that curled like a saint's in the

church, and the pleasant word she had for everybody she met in Sallertaine! It's a pity they've left the country. Some folks pretend not to care, but for my part, I'm sorry."

The cripple shook his tawny mane, and said with his habitual accent of contradiction:

"What else could they do? They're ruined!"

"Ruined? Nonsense! We shall see!"

"You need only look at the chateau—shut up for eight years like a prison, and listen to what folks say! Everything is mortgaged, and the notary makes no bones about saying so. Fromentière will be *sola* yet, you'll see; and we with it!"

"No, Mathurin, I shall never see that, thank God! I shall be dead first. But the nobles—they're not like us, my boy! They're always getting legacies, when they have been a bit extravagant. I am not so desponding as you. I expect to see the day when M. Henri will come back to the chateau, and he will walk in, just where you are now, and hold out his hand and say, 'Good day, Father Lumineau!' And Mlle. Ambrosine—she'll be kissing my girls again on both their cheeks, as the women of the Marais do—'How are you, Eleanore? How are you, Marie-Rose?' It will all come sooner than you think, maybe!"

The old man sat gazing at the wall above the fire-place, as though he actually beheld the child of his master between his own two daughters. He was much moved, and something like a tear glittered on his eyelashes.

But Mathurin smote the table with his fist as he turned his brutalized and surly face full on his father.

"Do you really suppose they think anything about us? Never, I tell you, except at St. John's Day! I'll bet the bailiff only came to dun you! It's all he ever does—the scoundrel!"

Toussaint Lumineau sank back upon

the bench and said in a low voice, after a moment's pause:

"You're quite right, Mathurin. But who knows whether the masters told him to say what he did? He often speaks out of his own head."

"All right! And what did you say?"

"I said I'd pay at Michaelmas."

"What with?"

The girls had retired a moment before into the pantry on the left of the hall, whence issued the sound of clattering plates and splashing water. Every evening the men of the family were thus left alone for a time, and it was then that they discussed matters of business. The farmer had borrowed the year before almost all the money which had come to the eldest, from his mother, and could therefore expect help from the younger son only, but he had so little doubt about obtaining it, that he answered readily, merely dropping his voice a little that the women might not hear:

"I meant to get it of François."

The remark seemed to wake up the younger son, who said decisively:

"You must not reckon on that! I can't do it!"

The old man did not lose his temper. He only said gently:

"I should have paid you, François, as I shall pay your brother. The years are not all alike. We shall be in luck again presently."

He glanced from François's shock of curly hair to the bull-neck of the elder, barely visible above the edge of the table, and seemed to wait for an answer. But the younger man's mind was apparently well made up, and he answered in a voice a little muffled by the coat which he had pulled up about his ears:

"I tell you, father, I cannot do it, and no more can Eleanore. Our money is our own, I suppose, and we may do what we like with it. Anyway it is invested now. And it won't hurt the

Marquis to wait a year if he is as rich as you say."

The father drew himself up and spoke more authoritatively, though still with entire self-command. He felt hurt, hardly recognizing his own flesh and blood; and it was as though he observed for the first time, without at all comprehending it, the great difference between the new generation and the old.

"François Lumineau," he said, "your words do not please me. Of course I shall pay my debts. What harm have the folk at the chateau ever done me? Your mother and I, and Mathurin also, who has known them much better than ever you did, have always held them in high respect. They may be extravagant: that's nothing to us! Not pay? Why, do you know, they could turn us out of Fromentière?"

"And what if they do?" said the younger son. One place is as good as another, if we must be farmers."

The old man grew pale, as though stabbed to the heart, but the youth who had thus lightly turned traitor to Fromentière did not notice it. The noise of rattling dishes in the next room ceased suddenly; the girls were listening, but the farmer did not speak. He simply rose to his full height, brushed past his son who glanced after him a little uneasily out of the corner of his eye, and threw open, with a clang, the door that led to the courtyard. A breath of fresh air, laden with the scent of green leaves and fields, mingled with the stuffy odors of the living-room; while François, decamping in haste, slid along the wall into the pantry, where he exchanged a few words with Eleanore, and so on, through the bedroom of the sisters which lay beyond it, whence he made his escape into the night.

It was the farmer's custom every evening to step over his threshold before going to bed and to take a few

deep breaths of his native air. To-night, as usual, he went into the courtyard and looked up at the sky, to see what the weather was like to be on the morrow. A few light clouds were floating westward, the vanguard of a more solid mass of vapor which lay along the horizon. These cloudlets were like transparent islands, divided by starry depths of the darkest blue. They sailed slowly and steadily before the wind in the direction of the neighboring coast, like laden barges carrying out to sea tidings of the life of the land:—scent and rustle of green foliage, winged seeds and puffs of pollen, to fall in a mysterious rain, and the notes, known only to the breeze, of those innumerable living creatures who dwell in the woods and among the grass. The great tide of peace and fecundity surging from the land followed and overtook the receding ocean-tide and carried far out into the solitudes of the sea odors from the harvests of France. And the farmer, as he stood inhaling an air suffused with the very soul of his own Vendée, felt thrilling within him and piercing to the very marrow of his bones an inexpressible, inextinguishable passion for the soil.

"What ails these young fellows," he thought, "that they should care so little for their own farmstead? I have been young, too, but I never could have been hired to quit Fromentière. Perhaps they are tired of it! Things are not as pleasant in the house as they used to be in my wife's day. I cannot put them in good humor with one another as she could." And he suffered his thoughts to dwell for a few moments on Mother Lumineau, a thrifty soul, distant with strangers, but very tender toward her own, who could always succeed with a few fitting words in calming the irritation of the boys and the rivalries of the girls.

The barns, the stables, the hayricks were now bathed in moonshine. Sud-

denly a shot was fired so far off in the Marais as to be scarcely audible, but Toussaint Lumineau heard it, and his thoughts instantaneously reverted to the poacher, while a voice behind him said:

"There goes a lapwing for Rosette!"

"Silence, Mathurin!" said the father, who had recognized the cripple without turning his head. "You know very well that I dislike to have you say such things of your sister. And I've quite enough to bear to-night along of François."

The sound of crutches on the gravel of the courtyard came nearer, and Lumineau felt the hair of the lame man touch his shoulder, as the latter drew himself up beside him.

"It's only the truth, father," he said in his gruff accents. "It makes me sick to see that Bocage fellow courting my sister, just to get a hold on our property! He hasn't a sou of his own, but he expects to be master here. It's high time he was brought to book."

"Do you really think," inquired the father, stooping a little to the other, as he spoke, "that a girl like Rosette would listen to my servant? Does she care for him, Mathurin?"

It was a weakness of Lumineau's that he lent too ready an ear to the opinions and insinuations of his eldest son. Even now, when there was no hope that Mathurin would ever succeed him at the farm, and in spite of all the proofs he had had of the ungovernable violence and morbid malice of the cripple, he remained very much under the influence of the unfortunate youth, who, with his very features deformed by rage at the happiness of others, breathed out the words, "I tell you, father, that they are in love with each other."

Toussaint Lumineau looked into the face uplifted to his own, ghastly pale in the moonlight, and its expression of suffering startled him.

"If you watched them as I do," the son went on, "you would see that they never exchange a word within doors, but that outside they are always together. I have caught them over and over again, laughing and chatting like a regularly engaged couple. You do not know that Jean Nesmy. He's a bold one. He makes you believe he is a keen sportsman, and I don't deny it, but it is after a fashion of his own. Is it just for his own pleasure, think you, that he tramps the whole length of the Marais, to kill a couple of lapwings;—that he will risk a fever to spear a few eels, and pass his nights out of doors after he has been working hard all day? I tell you *no*! It's for Rosette, Rosette, *Rosette*!"

The last words were spoken so loud they might have been heard in the house.

"I will keep an eye on the lad," said the father. "Never you fear!"

"If I were you, I would be out to-morrow morning at daybreak, on the road that leads to the Marais. And if I caught them together—"

"Enough," interrupted the farmer. "You do yourself harm when you talk like that, Mathurin! There's Leonore looking for you."

The elder girl had in fact come out to help Mathurin up the steps, as was her custom, and to assist him in unlacing his shoes, which he could not remove alone. The moment he felt her touch on his arm he turned and followed her; the sound of his crutches and of her footsteps died away, and the father was left alone.

"If this is all true," he said to himself aloud, "I'll soon stop their laughing in the Marais."

He swallowed a great gulp of air as though it had been red wine, then, wishing to make sure that Rosette had not gone out, he returned to the house by the middle door which led to the girls' room. It was very dark inside;

only a few stray moonbeams falling on the five wardrobes in well-waxed wood, which adorned the clean and orderly apartment of Eleanore and Rosette. The farmer stole on tiptoe around the massive case of nut-wood which had been his mother's dowry, crossed the room and was about to pass into the smaller chamber which communicated with the living-room where he slept with Mathurin, when a shadow rose from beside one of the beds and glided after him.

"Father!"

He stopped. "Is that you, Rosette? Are you going to bed?"

"No, I was waiting for you. I had something to say to you."

They were separated by the entire length of the room, and barely visible to one another.

"Since François cannot give you his money, I was thinking that you might have mine."

"You're not afraid then of not getting your pay," said the farmer in a hard voice.

The young girl replied hesitatingly, and as though she were discouraged and repelled by the reception of her offer:

"I'll go and get it to-morrow of dear Mlle. Michelonne's nephew who has it now. I will, truly, father, and you shall have it by the next day."

If a tear rolled down the girl's cheek the old man did not see it, but stalked on into his own room.

When Eleanore entered the chamber a few minutes later, carrying a lighted candle which she placed upon a chest, Marie-Rose was no longer sitting on the bed, but standing by an open window which overlooked the court. Thence, because the farm lay high, she could see through the gateway and beyond the boundary wall, the whole slope of arable land down to the edge of the great marsh.

It was not unusual for the sisters to

undress side by side without exchanging a word, and Rosette remained gazing at the prospect where her accustomed eye could distinguish objects in the moonlight almost as plainly as by day. Beyond the wall came first a cluster of young elms, under which carts and harrows were put away for the night, and then the vast level tract from which the ocean had receded, but across which came continually, now louder and now lower like the rumble of chariot wheels, a sound of distant surf. The wide grassy plain was blue, with the straight line of a ditch gleaming faintly here and there, and points of brighter light from the windows of scattered farms piercing the veil of mist that overhung the meadows. Rosette could tell every one of those farms by their signal-lights, so like the mast-lanterns of ships lying at anchor. Nearest of all were the Pinconnière and the Parée du Mont; then came Levrelles, and beyond, so far away that their lights gleamed intermittently like those of the remotest stars, were Terre-Aymont, the Seullière, Malabrit, and the mill of the Moque-Souris. A cluster of tiny sparks upon the right marked the hamlet of Sallertaine, crowning its invisible mound which formed an island in the Marais. Somewhere out in that direction Jean Nesmy was keeping vigil among the reeds, for the love of Rosette.

Her thoughts dwelt upon her lover until she seemed actually to see him, far, far away, enveloped in the dream-like vapors, and silently, involuntarily her lips formed themselves into a kiss.

There was a sudden rush as of wings above the tiles of Fromentière, and Eleanore woke and said sharply, "Shut the window, Rosette! The wind is rising, and it's cold."

After that the mist lifted, and the night turned warm again. The light in the mill went out, and the lamps of

Sallertaine diminished in number like the grapes in a pilfered bunch.

"To-morrow, my dear Jean, in the walled orchard," murmured Rosette,

and slowly, absently, but with her young heart full, the child unfastened her working-gown by the light reflected from her white bed-cover.

(*To be continued.*)

CARLYLE AS AN HISTORIAN.

Not long ago a ceremony took place at the opening of Carlyle's house in Chelsea, which was calculated to leave a double impression on the world. On the one hand, it was an official canonization of a new classic in English literature; but, on the other, the speakers appeared anxious to warn the public that this man was chiefly distinguished as a master of words, and that his view of life was further from the truth than the less strenuous and more tolerant culture that predominates to-day. As there are some sages who call him no sage, so there are some historians who call him no historian. It is for the latter opinion we feel most concern, for whereas the sages will not prevent any stiff-necked person from adopting Carlyle's philosophy of life, the historians may, perhaps, by the weight of their authority, succeed in persuading students to regard his historical writings as works of fiction where truth cannot even be gleaned. But this will not be the only evil result if the principle is once established that Carlyle is no historian. The question at issue affects the future not only of historical reading, but of historical writing. The next time that our island has the good fortune to produce a writer of great power and greater originality, is he to be welcomed as a volunteer into the field of history, or is he to be warned off it as ground preserved for licensed practitioners? It may be argued that

Carlyle would not have cared what he was told, and would in any case have written on whatever subject pleased him best. But it must be remembered that in 1834 historical study had not been organized as much as it is even to-day, and that if present tendencies continue, it may in another hundred years have become like a study of Medicine or Law. In such a case it may well be doubted whether even a Carlyle would trouble himself to invade the monopoly of a regular profession, and would not rather confine himself to general literature and speculation. Hence the question whether Carlyle is an historian is not a mere matter of words, but involves a grave principle affecting the future of English letters and science.

Fortunately there is not unanimous agreement among our historians that Carlyle is to be excluded from their brotherhood. It is significant that Mr. Morse Stephens, who has spent years in studying the latest materials of French Revolutionary history, who knows as intimately as any man the exact nature of the mistakes into which Carlyle fell, still consents to speak of him as "a great historian," and as one who, when he erred, erred "not wilfully, but from the scantiness of the information at his disposal."¹ But there are some authorities who insist

¹ Preface to Mr. Morse Stephens' "French Revolution," 2nd edition.

that he should be put out of court, really because they do not understand him owing to the eccentricity of his language, but nominally on account of his inaccuracy. Nowadays the mere suspicion of this dreadful crime, like the mere suspicion of heresy in a town under the Inquisition, will, in itself, drive from a man's side all fair-weather friends who fear the powers that be. But an historian must needs be very criminal in this respect before it is fair to cast him out from among his brethren. Who is there that is accurate? There have been great histories that once stood like monuments heaven-high, casting the light of correct knowledge on a darkened world; but in twenty, fifty or a hundred years, the waves of new truth have crept up around them all; and yet they stand firm amid the flood because they were based on the ground of honesty and good sense, or carved out of the rock of genius. Every historian who feels inclined to throw stones at Carlyle, forgets that he himself pursues his studies in a glass house, however the walls may be hung with tapestries and the floors lined with carpet. Has not Bishop Stubbs, whom we have always been taught to revere as the master of a school which prides itself first on its accuracy, seen his historical theory of Anglican relations to Rome overthrown by Professor Maitland? Inaccuracy is inevitable; dishonesty alone cannot be pardoned. If an author withholds the evidence against his side; if he chooses out one part of a document which by itself bears a meaning it did not bear in the context; if, like Froude, he relates only what is creditable to one party and only what is discreditable to another, it is just that he should stand in the pillory, and to the pillory, sooner or later, he is sure to come. But this method was never adopted by Carlyle. He tells the reader with almost childish frankness, the gist of all the

evidence he has collected, and narrates each event without fear and without reproach. The forcible and possibly biased comments which he then pronounces, may be themselves passed in judgment by the reader who has not been deprived of the means of forming his own opinion by a garbled narrative of one-sided facts. Carlyle often bullies the witnesses in the face of the court, but he never tries to keep them out of the box.

Nevertheless his faults are faults of omission. His field of research was wide, but it did not cover certain obvious departments of history. His view of past events was broad and deep, but while it spreads out and down over regions invisible to most historians, other things which the traditions of their craft rightly taught them to regard as important, were totally unseen by him. Before we pass on to consider the value of his additions to the sphere of history, let us first examine the seriousness of his failures.

The most obvious want in the "French Revolution" is the absence of any adequate study of institutions under the *Ancien Régime*. Not having the materials to forestall de Tocqueville and Taine, he was undoubtedly right when he decided to confine his history to the immediate causes and ultimate course of the Revolution. Yet, possibly, even if he had had access to a great body of evidence, he would not have been the man to study the inner workings of France under the Bourbons. Institutions are his weak point. They soon "begin to be a bore to him." The details of legal, economic and even social questions he finds a weariness. Thus he not only omits the institutions of the *Ancien Régime*, but he disdains to make clear the constitutional position and functions of the various revolutionary authorities. In the same way he does not attempt to judge the legal aspect of the questions at issue be-

tween Charles the First and his Parliaments.² But it is only the details that he neglects, never the institutions themselves. It is an essential part of the "clothes philosophy" to believe in the great effect that custom, law and organization have in directing human activity and thought, and he is always true to that idea throughout his historical works. It is because he is wholly absorbed in the actual effect which an institution produced on its age, that he neglects the formal details of its construction. Thus the real power which the Jacobin Club exerted over men is examined and stated in a masterly fashion; the actual relations of the Court to the National Assembly, of the army to the royal and then to the revolutionary executive, are made admirably clear. In the little that he has left us on the subject of Scotch History, he never loses sight of the fact that the Presbyterian Church is the moulding and creative force from the time of Knox to the time of the Covenanters; and although he tells us nothing about its laws and its assemblies, he tells us much of the real change which it made in Scotch men and women.³ It is because he sees the wood like no other man that he refuses to go in among the trees.

But he is also guilty of another sin of omission. He sometimes fails to give an adequate account of the motives and aspirations of important bodies of men. He does not misrepresent; he simply ignores. Thus, in his treatment of the Parliamentary struggle in England, he does not do justice to the Cavaliers or to the High Churchmen. But we must remember that though he has left us a life of Cromwell, and the superb fragments lately published as "Historical Sketches," he wrote no history of that period. All he undertook was to explain the Puritan point of

view to a world shamefully ignorant of that important factor in English history. On the other hand, in his "French Revolution," the innumerable conflicting motives and aspirations of the parties and men who successively strangled each other in the great arena, are all expressed with impartial sympathy. Here, too, as in the "Cromwell," he was performing the task then most required in the interests of historical truth. In 1837 Europe was still divided by the issues of the French Revolution, and was still shrieking over the cruel injuries inflicted on both sides in a blood-feud, whose end was not even in sight. Carlyle proceeded to pass the events of the Revolution in review, with heart and head undarkened by prejudice, with unsparing severity, yet with infinite pity, for all who had been placed by duty, or called by the hope of the golden morning, within that tragic circle of fame and fate.

Such, then, are his failings. He is not an historian of institutions, and he is not, any more than Dr. Mommsen, a believer in the modern doctrine that it is necessary in every case to take both sides at once, or no side at all, in order to find truth hid in the mathematical centre. But while deficient in these particular qualities, which are now common almost to excess among historical writers, the very talents which they attempt vainly to cultivate or loudly affect to despise, are fortunately those in which Carlyle was pre-eminent. It is for this reason he is a stone of offence to so many, yet it is for this very reason that he should be doubly welcome to all.

In the first place he is a poet. Enough of itself, think the orthodox, to prove that he is not an historian. On the contrary, it is because he is a poet that he sees points in the past which others

² *Historical Sketches.*

³ *Ibid.* and *Portraits of John Knox.*

are unable to see, or seeing are to their sorrow unable to express. The past was poetry as well as prose, it was a miracle as well as a series of causes and effects, and for this reason the poetic faculty is required to give a true account of the more extraordinary events in human affairs. We all feel this to be true, and yet we are all contented, from mere habit and tradition, with the present clumsy division of labor. We first read our history,—prose in feeling as well as in style,—and then, if there chance to be one, we turn for light to "the poet's sweet comment." We read Mr. Stillman's "Union of Italy," followed by Browning's "Italian in England" and Mr. Swinburne's "Watch in the Night;" we read Hooper's "Campaign of Sedan," followed by Mr. George Meredith's "France, 1870." This specialization is inevitable, because it seldom happens that the historian has been born a poet, or that the poet will take the trouble to become an historian. But because it is inevitable, it is not therefore a good thing; the prose history explains but one part of the event, while the poem may be nothing more than a fond imagination. Only when the functions of historian and poet are united do we get the real truth. Carlyle's account of the battle of Dunbar is at once one of the finest poems and one of the best historical accounts of a battle, that can be found in our language. Now it is quite as essential to the truth of history that the reader should learn from the lips of a poet what were the feelings of Cromwell's solemn soldiers as they prayed behind the corn-sheaves during the tempestuous night, and rode to battle in the lurid sunrise over St. Abb's Head, as it is that he should master the manoeuvres that preceded the victory. The ordinary historian can tell us the one, but Carlyle can tell us both.

Again, it is impossible to pass a fair judgment on the events that occurred

in Paris in 1793-4, without some strain of poetry in our thought. Here again Carlyle comes to the rescue. He prefaces an excellent detailed account of the struggle of Mountain and Gironde with these words:—

The sound of it, to the mind, is as a hubbub of voices in distraction; little of articulate is to be gathered by long listening and studying; only battle tumult, shouts of triumph, shrieks of despair. The Mountain has left no memoirs; the Girondins have left memoirs, which are too often little other than long-drawn interjections of *Woe is me*, and *Cursed be ye*. So soon as history can philosophically delineate the conflagration of a kindled Fireship, she may try this other task. . . . The Fireship is old France, the old French Form of Life, her crew a generation of men. Wild are their cries and their ragings there, like spirits tormented in that flame. But on the whole are they not *gone*, O reader? Their Fireship and they, frightening the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders quite away into the deep of time. One thing therefore History will do; pity them all, for it went hard with them all.*

Other historians have great pictorial ability; but they apply it with most success to the description of phenomenal objects, and their narratives gain most from the scenic qualities of an event. But Carlyle's pictures are pictures not of the body only, but of the mind, and he is most powerful at narrative when he describes the hearts of a great multitude swayed like the moon-stirred Atlantic, or some single mind sweeping to a pregnant decision. By this power, and by an instinctive art in the right choice, order and construction of his matter, he drives his word home with the blows of a giant. What he has said is carried away and remembered, so that to read Carlyle for an hour leaves more permanent knowledge of history than to read Motley for a day.

Another quality which Carlyle pos-

* Fr. Rev. III, book III. chap. II.

sesses in an unusual degree is humor. There is nothing which other historians represent so poorly as this side of the great tragi-comedy which it is their task to put on the stage. Not literature alone, but truth itself, suffers from this deficiency. Man is no less absurd than serious, as the novelist and dramatist know well enough. It is largely for this reason that truth-loving persons are more touched by them than by the historian, who insists on regarding past events with a face worthy of Henry the Second's proverbial solemnity. Yet why not be seen to smile? If individual man is absurd as the novelist perceives, how much more absurd are men collected in mobs, parliaments and churches! Any study of them that does not sometimes incite laughter can be only in part true. Yet how little have historians succeeded in this respect! Gibbon has indeed an occasional sly joke, but generally at the expense of the Episcopal reader, to stir him in the depths of his easy chair with a dim sense that some one is laughing at him. The great humorist throws the dry light of his wit, not so much on to the period he is describing, as on to the views of it held by his contemporaries; if he saps "a solemn creed with solemn sneer," he incidentally adds to the value of his work, but he does not reproduce the essential absurdity of the world in which his emperors, philosophers, magistrates and sectaries were moving towards the catastrophe of civilization. Other historians generally leave outside the door whatever humor they have, when they sit down to write "serious history"—serious enough indeed!

How far from this mistaken tradition did Carlyle tear himself, or rather, how far from it was he born! A man of sorrows who can never tolerate real frivolity, he has in him a deep humor which is part of his intense seriousness. When, turning from the speculations

of Teufelsdröckh on his own age, he examined the mighty Revolution of the age that had given it birth, he felt with the touch of genius that here, buried amid far other matter, was food for inextinguishable laughter. He could sympathize with the generous ideals of "'89," and he could weep over the disasters that befel them. But he could do more. By the strain of fine humor that runs through his "French Revolution," he adds immensely to our understanding of the period—

What spirit of Patriotism dwelt in men in those times, this one fact, it seems to us, will evince; that sixteen hundred human creatures, not bound to it, sat quiet under the oratory of Robespierre; nay, listened nightly hour after hour, applause: and gaped as for the word of life.⁵

Above all he has found the grim meaning of the season of the Feast of Pikes, when all French patriots, "as in the golden age," swore eternal brotherhood, and fondly thought to keep their oath. It was then that Anacharsis Clootz's "deputation of mankind" presented itself to the National Assembly.

It occurred to the mind of Anacharsis Clootz, that while so much was embodying itself into club and committee, and perorating applauded, there yet remained a greater and greatest; of which, if it also took body and perorated, what might not the effect be: Humankind namely, *le Genre Humain* itself! . . . Enough that on the 19th evening of June 1790, the sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle such as our foolish little planet has not often had to show. Anacharsis Clootz entering the august Salle de Manège, with the human species at his heels. Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks; Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia; behold them all; they have to come to claim place in the grand Federation, having an undoubted interest in it. . . . In the mean time we invite them to the honours of the sitting,

⁵ Fr. Rev. ii. book v. chap. viii.

honneur de la séance. A long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity, and utters articulate sounds: but owing to his imperfect knowledge of the French dialect, his words are like spilt water; the thought he had in him remains conjectural to this day. . . . To such things does the august National Assembly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenerative labours, and with some touch of impromptu eloquence, make friendly reply;—as indeed the wont has long been; for it is a gesticulating, sympathetic people, and has a heart, and wears it on its sleeve.*

Again, how else save by something of his ironic humor, could the "Paper Age," the Ministry of Calonne, and the self-contented optimism of the Court reformers immediately before the Revolution, be adequately described?

In his account of the battle of Dettingen he chances to come across the type of English officer who fought our battles on the Continent in the eighteenth century, and again in the Crimea revived the same traditions of grand but incompetent valor: his "Britannic Majesty," he says, stands during the battle in

attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan, *sans peur et sans avis*, as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England, like England itself and its ways in those German wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English history, that attitude of lunge! The English officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way, without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady upon the throats of the French.*

These few words by force of humor have drawn an historical portrait of a class of Englishmen once very promi-

nent in the world's affairs, a portrait which impinges itself on the mind, so that the reader not merely reads, but learns and does not forget.

But the most important characteristic of Carlyle as an historian is neither his poetry nor his humor. Although these are essential to the greatest history, great histories have been written deficient in both. But there is one quality, which if an historian has not, he becomes "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." It is indispensable that he should understand the prime motive force that caused the actions of which he takes account. Now Carlyle has an unrivalled instinct for the detection of men's inmost motives. His peculiar method is to write history from the inside of the actors. Other great historians find the key to men's actions by analysis of their characters and their opinions, rather than by sympathy with their feelings. To appreciate the difference of these two methods, compare Mr. Lecky's treatment of John Wesley in the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," with Carlyle's "Mirabeau." Mr. Lecky's portrait is the more exact, but it is difficult to say which is the truer. We understand Wesley in a way in which we do not understand Mirabeau, but we understand Mirabeau in a way in which we do not understand Wesley. We have been told all about the founder of Methodism, but we have been made intimate with Gabriel Riquetti himself.

This distinctive method of Carlyle is still more marked in dealing with smaller people. Other historians, though they may analyze their principal characters with care and success, are apt to take little trouble with the less important figures. They are often content to class a man under some conventional heading descriptive of opinions, character or profession, such as physiocrat, radical, artist, demagogue,

* Fr. Rev. II. book I. chap. x.

* Ibid. vol. I. book XI.

* Fred. Great, book XIV. chap. v.

adventurer or Jacobite. This summary treatment is partly justifiable, because otherwise works of history might grow to inordinate length, but it partly arises from the author's want of sympathy and imagination. Carlyle never dismisses anybody in this way. Each of the characters he describes, though only in a sentence, has a personality of its own, with hopes, fears and aspirations often mean enough, but at least peculiar to itself. Above all, whenever he perceives devotion to an ideal in persons however humble, he treats their intention with respect. Thus he never falls into the vice common with modern ecclesiastical historians, of regarding religious movements among uneducated persons with contempt. He does not call his brother a "fanatic" or a "lunatic" because he fails to sympathize with his point of view, but he does his best to understand what the man really meant.

In his later and inferior work, this instinct of sympathy² is occasionally smothered by his prejudices, as, for instance, where his hatred of the evil the man did, makes him unjust to Loyola's self, though even in this case he goes straight for Loyola's inmost feeling, with a certain inverted sympathy.³ But taking Carlyle's writings as a whole, it is false to say that difference of opinion blinded him to the real feelings of other men. Although he utterly hated Catholicism, he has left us in "Past and Present" our most sympathetic picture of Mediaeval monasticism at its high-water mark, a picture which no Catholic writer can hope to rival. He understood what those monks of St. Edmundsbury felt and thought, with perfect comprehension. Yet was he a student of the Middle Ages? Far from it, but he was a student of man. Again, if there was any one whom he might be expected to hate, it is Guy Faux. We might have supposed that Carlyle

would have regarded him at least as a mere engine of Satan moving by clock work. Yet we find that he regards him not only as a brother man, a brother soul, but an interesting and almost a noble soul:—

Well, and are there in history many sterner figures than Guido, standing there with his dark lantern beside the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder in Whinniard's cellar under Parliament? To such lengths has he, for his part, carried his insight into the true interests of this world. Guido is a very serious figure; has used reasonable efforts to bring himself to the sticking place and Hercules's choice of roads. No Pusey Dilettante, poor spouting New Catholic or Young England in white waistcoat; a very serious man come there to do a thing, and die for it if there be need.¹⁰

But it is in the "French Revolution," where all his qualities are at their best, that his power of writing history from the inside of men is most conspicuous. Here he is never content to deal with lay figures. He tells us what each man was with such truth and clearness that what he did, in each set of given circumstances, comes as a foreseen and inevitable conclusion.

But for an historian of the French Revolution it is at least as necessary to understand mobs as to understand their leaders. In some periods of history it is enough to trace the general condition and sentiment of the various classes of people, and to direct the main effort towards explaining the motives of the principal actors. To some slight degree this is true even of such a popular convulsion as the English Civil War; but it is not true at all of the French Revolution. Carlyle accepts this condition. He knows that it is not enough to explain that Danton did this, and that Lafayette intended to do that. He never for a moment forgets that the "sacred right of insurrection" was

² Latter-day Pamphlets: "Jesuitism."

¹⁰ Historical Sketches, p. 68.

the motive force in all events from July, 1789, to October, 1795. He sees that the successive throes of that tremendous and abnormal convulsion can be understood only by a sympathetic appreciation on each fateful day of the feelings of those impatient masses, against whom Aristocrat, Constitutionalist and Girondin were alike powerless, by whose fierce favor the Jacobins lived and moved and had their strange being. What was the mob of Paris, what were the women of St. Antoine, what were the men of Marseilles or Varennes feeling and thinking at the hour when their next whim would decide the world's future? What were men saying to each other in the streets on the eve of great irrevocable events? Such questions Carlyle perpetually asks and answers. The five chapters¹¹ which tell what the Parisians thought and did during the second week of July, 1789, are the very heart of the matter, to which all else that concerns the fall of the Bastille is secondary. All the "newly discovered material" in the wide world has not overthrown that account.

The "French Revolution" was his greatest history, but the various writings he has left on the English Parliamentary struggle afford even more striking examples of his method of history from the inside. The generation that had passed the first Reform Bill only partially understood the spirit that had founded English freedom in the days of the early Stuarts. To the Tories, the Puritans were mere phantoms of darkness, Jacobins parading as Methodists; to the Whigs, the interest of the great struggle against Charles had been constitutional and financial, a matter of pounds, shillings, pence and civil liberty. Hampden's attitude of dignified resistance to a raid on his pocket and on the privilege of Parliament was, they

thought, the true quarrel, till the "fanatics" came all too powerfully, and spoiled the game. Men had not fully perceived what we all know so well to-day, that the Pym and Hampdens were themselves of the "fanatic" class; that the Protestant faith inspired and led them in all they did; that to them the struggle with the Stuarts had been from the beginning a struggle for their religion. Yet this was the cause more than any other that Parliamentary resistance grew strong as death, instead of sputtering out in some London Fronde. This new interpretation of our history was first announced in May, 1840, to the fashionable and literary world, who had gathered in no unfriendly spirit to see and hear a Scotch peasant speak with the tongues of men and of angels. In the sixth lecture "On Heroes" we read:—

They tell us that it was a sorrowful thing to consider that the foundation of our English Liberties should have been laid by "superstition." These Puritans came forward with Calvinistic incredible Creeds, anti-Laudisms, Westminster Confessions, demanding, chiefly of all, that they should have liberty to *worship* in their own way. Liberty to *tax* themselves, that was the thing they should have demanded! It was superstition, fanaticism, disgraceful ignorance of Constitutional Philosophy to insist on the other thing. Liberty to *tax* oneself. Not to pay out money from your pocket except on reason shown. No century, I think, but a barren one would have fixed on that as the first right of man! I should say, on the contrary, a just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his government. . . . But if they come to him and say, "Acknowledge a lie, pretend to say you are worshipping God when you are not doing it; believe not the thing that *you* find true, but the thing that I find, or pretend to find, true;" he will answer: "No, by God's help, no; you may take my purse, but I cannot have my moral

¹¹ Vol. I. book v. chaps. III.—VII.

self annihilated. The purse is any highwayman's who might meet me with a loaded pistol; but the self is mine and God my Maker's; it is not yours and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and on the whole front all manner of extremities, accusations and confusions, in defence of that!"

The view of the real motive force of the Civil War is now generally accepted, and has been borne out by Mr. Gardiner. Carlyle's posthumous work, "Historical Sketches," shows how thoroughly he understood the relation of religion to politics in the minds of the Parliament men during the reigns of James and Charles the First. At the time he wrote these sketches, he was contemplating a history of the period. When he abandoned this project and determined instead to show us the true Cromwell, the memory of this man in particular was, if possible, more obscured to his countrymen than the memory of the Puritan movement as a whole. Even in Scott's "Woodstock," the first attempt made by a man of true historical insight and sympathy to appreciate the conflicting motives and forces of the Civil War, Cromwell, though no monster, appears as an ambitious Captain talking half-sincere cant. Macaulay praised him as a practical man. But if a few persons knew something of the Protector, no one knew Oliver Cromwell. The man who had ruled England from the solitude of his mind, whose iron faith had bound him to endure calumny and hatred from without and bitter weariness within, lay unknown as if he had never been, until Carlyle rescued him from the grave of time.

But although the discovery of Cromwell is a signal achievement of history written from the inside, it is not upon the whole the greatest of Carlyle's historical works; he has sacrificed the age to the man as he did not sacrifice the

French Revolution to Mirabeau. The very Puritans fare hardly when they oppose the Protector; there is not the same human sympathy for all persons, and the same spiritual sympathy for all points of view, which signalize the "French Revolution." But the "Life of Cromwell" was needed to fulfil a different purpose; for two centuries the wrongs of Cavalier and Republican, Bishop and Presbyter, Lawyer and Parliamentarian, had been poured into the ears of a sympathetic posterity, and there had been none to reply for the departed tyrant; at last Carlyle stood up to plead his lost cause against the world. So that in the next generation Mr. Gardiner could come to square all accounts, and the case of the World *v.* Cromwell was both heard and judged.

The brief for Frederick the Great was less needed and was also less successful. Though the book contains wonderful battle-scenes, pictures of persons, flashes of pathos and humor, it was, on the whole, written in the decline of his genius. Above all, he did not understand Frederick as he understood Cromwell and the actors of the French Revolution. The attempt to find in an old Pagan, inspired by a mixture of Cynicism and Stoicism, a Carlylean of the first water, can be only partially successful; though it is by no means so absurd as some suppose who conceive Carlyle's view of life to have been based on dogmatic belief.

Who is to-day setting up the statue before Westminster Hall? Not the man who generously gave it to the nation needing it so much; not he, nor even Mr. Gardiner. At the base, behind and out of sight, should be inscribed "Erected by Thomas Carlyle, 1845-1899." We may fittingly close with his greeting to Cromwell:—

Hail to thee, thou strong one; hail,

²² Historical Sketches, p. 346.

across the long-drawn funeral aisle and night of time. Two dead centuries, with all that they have buried, part us, and it is far to speak together; how diverse are our centuries, most diverse, yet our Eternity is the same:

The Nineteenth Century.

and a kinship unites us which is much deeper than Death and Time. Hail to thee, thou strong one, for thou art ours, and I at least mean to call thee so.

G. M. Trevelyan.

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

Some of my earliest recollections are of visits to the house of a friend of my father's in Bedford Place where Macaulay was a frequent guest. Even as a child I was impressed by his strong personality. He used to come in after dinner, and instantly begin to talk, his words rolling out like peals of thunder and his voice penetrating through the room. He had a wonderful memory, repeating passages from Latin and Greek as well as English authors without pausing an instant for a word. We children often came into the drawing-room when he was so occupied, and he would stop, receive us cordially, and resume the interrupted quotation without the smallest hesitation. For his niece, Lady Knutsford, he had the most intense affection, and I think there was never a visit made to Bedford Place without her name being mentioned and some anecdote of her related. "Margaret" seemed ever in his mind, and the name a pleasure to him to utter. But he had a large heart, and was full of sympathy and kindness to those dear to him. Our friend Mr. E. said, after the irreparable loss of his devoted wife, the devoted mother of his children, "I could not have lived but for Macaulay."

Once I had the honor, when I was still very young, of going to breakfast with him in the Albany, and very much I enjoyed wandering about the room and hearing his remarks on some old

ballads and a collection of newspaper cuttings which he had looked out for our amusement. I cannot now recollect what these cuttings were, but I have an idea that they were critiques on his writings, and that he laughed very merrily over them as he proved them to be as valueless as reviews too often are. After breakfast a huge old-fashioned green chariot came to the door, and Miss E. and I drove with him to the Houses of Parliament, where he made himself our showman. I remember very distinctly that as we passed Whitehall he bent forward in the carriage, leaning on his umbrella, and said to me, "Outside that window"—indicating the window from which Charles I. was led to the scaffold—"a nice little piece of business was done two hundred years ago!" and he followed up the remark by one of his animated discussions on the character and history of the king. In reading his history of England, in after years, I did not wonder that even as a child I had been carried away by his personal eloquence and enthusiasm.

A recent writer has told us that Macaulay's appearance was commonplace, but my recollections of him do not coincide with this opinion. He certainly had a splendid head and brow, and his eyes were full of energy and light, but his figure was too stout for his height. He walked with his frock-coat flying away from him as if he could not bear

anything tight or confining. Openness was the great point in his face, and his expression was that of a happy man, differing in the most striking way from that of his brother historian, J. A. Froude. He was, too, nearly bald, and Froude had, when I knew him, black hair. In society Froude has been, when I have met him, very reserved—another contrast to Macaulay, who was genial even to a child, such as I then was.

Another of my recollections is that of being taken one day, by a friend with whom I was staying, to see Samuel Rogers. He received us very kindly, in a pretty room looking into the Green Park, and filled with books, statuary and pleasant things. He was very blind and bent and feeble, but still full of conversation. After we had been there some little time, another guest, a lady, came in, and I was at once much struck by her face. She had already gray hair, but did not look old, and her manner was energetic and bright. Mr. Rogers said to her after a few minutes. "Will you read to me, my dear?" "Certainly, dear Mr. Rogers," she replied. "What shall it be?" "I should like a bit of the Sermon on the Mount," he returned. She took up a large Bible from the place where she seemed accustomed to find it, and read as he wished. Every word was distinct without affectation, her tone very musical, and her whole soul seemed to enter into the meaning of the often recurring "Blessed." When she closed the book we were all silent, and then she rose, saying, "I cannot stay longer to-day. Good-bye, dear Mr. Rogers," and she went away, walking with a slight stoop which did not at all detract from her dignified air, and which I have since seen mentioned as one of the charms of this remarkable woman even in her younger days. Mr. Rogers turned to me, when the door closed, and said, "My dear, I asked Lady Bech-

er to read to us to-day for your sake as well as my own. You are very young, and in days to come you can now say that you heard the once famous Miss O'Neill read to *old* Rogers." I never forgot that visit to the kind old poet, and when I left I tried to thank him, but I felt more than I could express. He was the first living author I had personally known, and, to my mind, everything I read of his became invested with a fresh interest from that time.

In reading lately a review on "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts" by Sir Charles Eastlake, I was reminded of several pleasant evenings I had passed at his house years ago. He and Lady Eastlake were fortunate in being able to gather a great variety of people, and their parties were free from all stiffness. Painters, men of science and literature, and persons of rank and position assembled in that house, where all felt united in a common feeling of regard for the host and hostess. Sir Charles was very quiet in manner, but spoke well. He seemed entirely free from the crotchets and eccentricities of some artists I have known, and was always ready to appreciate the works of others. His own style was peculiar; but his pictures, to my mind, are very beautiful. They suggest peace and repose, they are highly finished, care is bestowed on every trifle. That of our Savior foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem is the only one I can now name, but the impression I retain of all is that of intense purity and refinement.

Sir Charles had no peculiarities of dress or appearance. He was short and, when I knew him, very bald, and had a most amiable countenance. Lady Eastlake was well known to many before her marriage, as the authoress of "Letters from the Baltic." She was an excellent linguist and musician, and one evening, when I was at her house,

Joachim made his, I believe, first appearance in England, and she accompanied him on the piano, playing perfectly at sight.

Another R.A. whom I remember was John Phillip. Before he was as well known as he became in after years, I sat to him for a small portrait. Phillip was a Scotchman with a kind and yet rough manner, and he worked hard in his profession. He was a large-hearted man, and after rising to a prominent position he was most kind to others less successful than himself. But he seldom, I think, or ever, went into society. Spanish pictures were his great forte, and they are in their way the best modern specimens we have, I imagine, of Spanish life. He died before he was fifty.

I met Mr. Browning one day at a breakfast party. He was a short man, good-looking, and had then a quantity of rather dark hair. He was full of life and talked a great deal, and had a very pleasant manner. I much regret that, not having at any time made notes of conversations which took place on the occasions when I met the persons referred to in this paper, I cannot now call to mind any particular subjects or opinions expressed, and have only general recollections of the pleasure I derived from being in their society. Of another poet, Aubrey de Vere, I have only the same shadowy remembrance. No one could see him without remarking his striking head and fine brow, and the expression he wore of having gone through much trouble of mind, which was, I believe, the case before he finally seceded from the English Church. He was very enthusiastic on any points which had reference to his new faith, and you could not converse with him without feeling his perfect sincerity. His poetry is of a very high class, and although he has not written much, all is pure and beautiful. Some sonnets of his, written

many years before I ever saw him, and which I then greatly admired, seemed just what one would have expected him to write after having known something of his tone of mind in personal interviews. I heard a letter of his once, and it was indeed worth hearing—a poet's letter read by a greater poet still!

To turn from poets to divines, I recollect once meeting Dr. Pusey at one of the annual Church festivals at Frome. He was staying, as were we too, at the vicarage.

When I saw the man who had been the leader of so important a movement, and by whose opinions so many were guided, I was surprised. He was small and very gray, and was peculiar in his dress, wearing a coat like those usually worn in the evening, whereas the many clergy gathered together on the occasion, and who looked upon him as their teacher, had already adopted a very much more severe style of clothing. It was almost impossible to get an opportunity of conversation with him, for the assemblage was large and so many were seeking for a word from him; but one day at breakfast I sat by him, and we talked on various subjects. I found he would have eaten very little if I had not attended to his wants, putting toast, etc., near him, and once I watched him for a minute or more vainly trying in his absent way to cut a crust with the butter knife, which he had inadvertently taken up. I gave him a steel knife, which he took with thanks, but seemed quite unaware of the cause of his want of success with the discarded silver one. He preached one evening during the octave, and, though so quiet in manner usually, he appeared full of fire and energy when he spoke of the Last Judgment. It was a most solemn, indeed an awful sermon, and I heard it much commented upon afterwards by those who knew him well, as being very different from

his usual style. At the close of his visit Dr. Pusey was kind enough to write in a little book I had, and though I much regretted circumstances prevented my having much conversation with him, yet the remembrance of the meeting will always be a pleasure.

From the Anglican divine I turn to the Duc de Bordeaux, better known, perhaps, as Comte de Chambord. When this young prince was travelling in England many years ago he came to Liverpool, where my father was asked to put him in the way of seeing the principal objects of interest there. On the day when the Duke was leaving he came to our house to breakfast, accompanied by some of the gentlemen who clung to the fortunes of his family, but, except the Duc Decazes, I forget their names. The young Comte de Chambord could not fail to interest us. Irrespective of his personal appearance and charming manner, we were led to think of the tragic circumstances surrounding his birth, his banishment from his native land, his early years spent with his aunt, that deeply afflicted Duchesse d'Angoulême, whom it seemed impossible to believe had survived the horrors of the Revolution, whose father, mother, brother and aunt were successively torn from her in the Temple. The Duke and his sister were devoted to her, and, we may trust, soothed her later years by their affection.

Our breakfast party was a lively one. The Duke spoke English to my mother, but he was not very proficient. However, he knew enough English to be able to express his delight at the objects he had seen, especially the docks and the stationary steam-engine, which in those days brought up the trains through the tunnel which ran into the town. Before he left I asked him if he would be so good as to give me his autograph. "*Avec le plus grand plaisir*," he said, and immediately wrote "Hen-

ri," adding the date and the name of our house. I noticed that all the suite addressed him as "Sire." Not having seen any of the Orleanist princes very near at hand, I cannot judge whether the young Duc de Bordeaux resembled any of that branch, but he was very fair and small, with striking blue eyes, light moustache, and very little whisker. All of those about him spoke of him as a most amiable young man, but they seemed to think that he had not enough ambition to disturb France by violently trying for the throne, and we could not help thinking that he was more likely to enjoy his life than if he had been always filled with hopes and ideas which have often proved so fatal and disastrous to those who have indulged them. His character seemed to us to be more fitted for the position of a private gentleman respected by his retainers, than for that of a ruler of France.

Before my marriage we made the acquaintance of a charming French lady, La Comtesse Mollien, and her husband, and they invited us to join them at their country château, the Château Jours. It was quite a picture of "a French country house," and I was reminded of many little things about it when I read the story in the Cornhill by that name. Mme. Mollien was lady of honor to the ex-queen of the French, and was devoted to the family. She was a great artist, and had the most valuable album containing pencil sketches of the greatest men in France drawn by her own hand. I enjoyed the visit greatly. The house was simply furnished, but had objects of art here and there. The floors were all of inlaid wood with no carpets; and the bedrooms were fitted up with spotless white dimity, and every article of wood was perfectly polished, not a speck of dust to be found in any one neglected spot. Years after this visit, I had the pleasure of meeting the dear old lady

again—at Beaumaris, where she was with the Queen and other members of the Orleans family. I went to call upon her at the hotel, and she received me with great affection, and with all her French graciousness. Since we had last met, the Comte Mollien had died, and I had married, and my husband was in the Crimea. She asked to see my little boy, who was five months old, and another day I took him to her. After she had duly admired him, she said, "the queen would like to see him," and she carried him herself into the next room, which was separated from the one in which I remained by folding doors only, and the remarks all came to me, much to my amusement. "*Oh, mon Dieu, qu'il est beau! quel bel enfant! O qu'il est blond! O quel couleur!*"

When Mme. Mollien brought him back she told me "Her Majesty had kissed him" and had been much interested in him, knowing the anxiety of his mother at the absence of his father in a cause in which France too was engaged.

The beautiful Duchesse de Nemours was then alive, and was with her mother-in-law at this time, as was also the Duchesse de Montpensier, who had very recently lost a daughter. I spoke of this loss to Mme. Mollien with sympathy, and was struck by her reply, which sounded so French to my English ears: "*Oui, c'est une perte, mais ce n'est pas la seule, ainsi il y en a de quoi se consoler!*" The future portioning out of these young exiled daughters of France was perhaps a difficulty, and may have accounted for the apparent coolness with which the condolence on the loss was received.

We often met the party walking or driving, and they always recognized the child by a kind smile. And a few years later we again saw the French Royal Family at Worthing, and once more, for the last time, met Mme. Mollien. She has long since followed her

beloved mistress beyond the troubles of this world.

A celebrity of another type was Garibaldi. Many years ago I first saw this great man—for the term great must certainly be applied to him, however much opinion may differ as to the good or evil results of his attempts for the freedom of his country. Of personal bravery he has shown extraordinary proof as well as energy and endurance under numberless hardships and dangers. He cannot be accused of selfishness, for he gained nothing by his efforts, and those that knew him must have seen that he was a most simple-minded man. After the first affair at Rome, he turned his thoughts to trading for a livelihood, and for some time sailed, between America and Genoa, a small vessel. On his way to the new country, he passed through Liverpool, and a very old Italian friend of ours a refugee, introduced him to my father, who invited him to our home. I remember the evening he spent with us very distinctly. Two or three of his faithful friends were with him, and there was much conversation about Italy and England; but I was too young and spoke Italian too little to do more than listen. The opinion appeared to be general that for a time the would-be liberators of Italy must wait their opportunity—but this is ancient history now.

A letter written from America to our mutual friend, in which my father's kindness and hospitality were warmly alluded to, was afterwards given to me, and I felt far more interest in subsequent events in Italy from the personal regard and admiration with which this visit, and the kindly remembrance of it which Garibaldi had shown, had inspired me for the great, and yet simple, man. These sentiments were increased when I read of his noble conduct after the overthrow of the kingdom of Naples, when he met

the King of Italy, and laid down before his sovereign all that had been gained, seeking nothing, asking nothing, but the king's approval. Pity that he did not rest there; but, as this is only a personal memoir, I shall not enter into political matters, and pass on to my second and last meeting with him. On this occasion Garibaldi was staying with Mr. Seely, at Brooke in the Isle of Wight, where "Mr." Tennyson, as he then was, went to meet the "General"—as many people loved to call him. Garibaldi in return promised a visit to Farringford, and Mrs. Tennyson, having heard me mention the pleasure that the former interview at my own home had given me, most kindly said we must come and see him again for old acquaintance sake.

When he drove past our house on his way to Farringford and I saw him, I seemed to remember him at once, though perhaps pictures had partly helped to impress his face upon my mind. But few who had once seen him could forget that fine head and grand open forehead, which age had only rendered finer, as it seemed to my mind. He wore a sort of loose white poncho or cloak, and had a rather conspicuous handkerchief hanging round his neck, which so much alarmed our dear little R. that he retreated indoors and could not be induced to emerge until Garibaldi was far away. When we walked up to Farringford, we found that the great men were having a quiet smoke in Mr. Tennyson's study, where we joined them and sat for a short time. Mr. Tennyson mentioned my former name, and when I spoke of the pleasure it gave me to see Garibaldi again, the recollection of the circumstances soon returned to his mind, and he asked many questions about events that had happened since that time, alluding especially to my father's kindness to him. After speaking to my husband, and making some general remarks, we

all went downstairs and out upon the lawn, where Mr. Tennyson asked him to plant a *Wellingtonia*. He handled the spade as if he had been a laborer all his life, and remarked, "I can manage *this*." Sir Henry Taylor, Mrs. Cameron and her beautiful niece were the only friends present beside ourselves, and when I read of the London receptions I was thankful that our enjoyment of Garibaldi had been so perfectly quiet and free from crowds and excitement, knowing how greatly he disliked all show and publicity. It is not often that one sees three such fine heads together as those of Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor and Garibaldi, and that day will never be forgotten by us. I was delighted that C. was so much struck by Garibaldi, and that his enthusiasm was as spontaneous as mine had been years ago at my last meeting. On this occasion I had, indeed, tried to keep enthusiasm down, fancying that the memory of the former meeting was tinged with youthful romance; but it was a new pleasure to permit it to rise again, and to join with that of my husband in mature age.

To the present generation the name of Charles Babbage is, perhaps, unknown, but he will long figure in biographical dictionaries, and rank among the celebrities of a past generation. He was an occasional guest at the house of Sir F. Pollock, where I met so many of the persons I have sketched in these pages. He was very precise in his way of speaking, and showed little animation; but he was pleasant, and generally had something to speak of which interested my friend, of whom he was very fond; and, mingling so little as he did in the world, his ideas had originality and always gave one something fresh to dwell upon. His calculating machine was a remarkable evidence of his industry and perseverance. I fancied he was rather bitter from disappointment that the delight and apple

of his eye had not made more sensation in the scientific world. With his desire for quiet and retirement, I always pitied his periodical appearances at the police court, made to get rid of those terrible annoyances, the street organs, which, I could quite fancy, to a mind painfully sensitive as his was, must have been nothing less than torture. I believe this torture was oftener inflicted upon him than upon others in the hope of a bribe to retire out of his hearing. He lived and died alone, and his machine is now never mentioned; but perhaps in years to come it may be brought to light and made use of under a new name, in a new form.

Of celebrities whom I have seen I may mention two—Baron Humboldt and Professor Faraday. Humboldt I saw one day with the late King of Prussia, slowly walking in the garden of one of the palaces at Potsdam. I only knew then that the feeble bent old man was great in mind and had been all over the world; but the recollection of the passing look and appearance has never faded away in the least. Years which have taught me how wonderful was that mind, how unceasing the toil after fresh knowledge, have only imprinted more clearly the outline of the figure and the amiable expression of the features. Professor Faraday I saw and heard once, and any one who ever had the privilege of attending one of his lectures will understand how difficult it is to describe that peculiar fascination which he possessed, and its power of riveting the attention even if the subject were too deep a one for a young mind fully to enter into. I only felt that I should never tire of listening to him, and then to watch his hands taking up and putting together the subjects for the experiments, the neatness and clearness of movement, and the certainty one had that all would take place exactly as he had presupposed, was engrossing. As a lecturer, I im-

agine he was quite unequalled, and his discoveries in science must forever make his name revered. But his life has been well drawn for us, and in reading it I was able to enter into the feelings of his admirers with more sympathy from having seen him in life. His face was full of brightness, set off perhaps by his very white hair, and the expression was one of kindness and benevolence. His manner was gentle and impressive, and his voice very clear. The Prince Consort was in the chair, and Faraday had no warmer admirer than the Prince. It was pleasant to see the cordial and friendly manner with which each regarded the other; the Prince recognizing the wonderful power and industry of the man of science, and Faraday respecting not the rank only of the president, but the intelligent fine mind of the younger inquirer after knowledge, desirous of attaining information which the veteran had fathomed; the one white-headed, the other hardly arrived at the prime of life, but both have now passed beyond all bounds of science.

During a happy residence at Freshwater many years ago it was our privilege to be admitted into the home circle at Farringford. Our acquaintance with its gifted owners began on March 10, 1863, the wedding day of the Prince and Princess of Wales. My husband, being then in command of the Royal Artillery in the Isle of Wight, had charge of the stores, etc., and a message came from Mr. Tennyson asking for the loan of flags for decoration. This was accompanied by an invitation to go up to Farringford at six o'clock, to a sort of high tea. I recollect on this occasion there were copies of "The Welcome" to the Princess lying about, and before we left he said, "Do you care for that?" I said, "Oh, yes," very gratefully, and those who know how seldom he wrote anything will understand how much I prize my copy of it

with my name in full—he especially insisted on the Christian name—"from A. T." in his own handwriting. After tea we went up to the Beacon on the Downs to see the bonfire which he had himself superintended. He led the way, a striking figure with his cloak flying in the wind. On my saying, "Good-bye, Mr. Tennyson," he replied, "Why do you say good-bye?" "Because we are going away," I said. "Oh, I thought you had only just come," meaning to the Isle of Wight. I explained my meaning, and then he said, "I always say 'Good day' myself, unless I am going away altogether." When I knew him better, I saw how careful he was to choose the most suitable word on every occasion, and I, too, tried in future to consider, before using any expression, if it was the most applicable one I could find.

Leading the secluded life which they did, I must always attribute our introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson to that memorable 10th of March. But for it we might not have had the opportunity of getting into the charmed circle for months, if ever. During all our subsequent residence at Freshwater we were constantly invited to Farringford, where, besides the happy family party, we had the privilege of meeting many interesting people. With his intimate friends the poet would discourse on many subjects, and sometimes he would read aloud. I never heard him read any of his own poems, but he once read to us some of his brother's sonnets. It was a treat to listen to his voice, sometimes touching from pathos, sometimes full of power and vehemence. Those were evenings never to be forgotten! It was the custom, as many have remembered who have had the privilege to enjoy these evenings, to leave the dining-room when dinner was over and adjourn to the drawing-room, where the dessert and wine were set out. After dessert the

poet went to his study to smoke, inviting one or two gentlemen to accompany him. My husband always retained the proud remembrance that he had been the companion of Tennyson and Longfellow in that study.

We sometimes induced Mr. Tennyson to join us in a walk, and he would say, before consenting, "Where are you going? I won't go to the market place"—meaning the tiny little bay where a few idlers congregated! His taste was for the fields and downs, and (not a romantic association!) I never now smell the smell of a turnip field without thinking of these never-to-be-forgotten rambles. Although so very short-sighted, he noticed flowers in the hedges which others passed by, and would sometimes stop and say, "What is that note?" and then name the bird from which it came. And I never felt afraid of asking a question; for he was always ready to impart knowledge if he saw you were interested. He was indeed wonderfully observant of nature, as his poems show, and would bring out quite naturally, and as it were by the way, beauties which we saw in our walks, and which others, less observant, would otherwise have passed by. His cloak and hat have been often described, and were well known apparently, for no sooner did strangers catch sight of them in the distance on the Downs than they would make for them, and this publicity was so unpleasant to him that we all had to fly in the opposite direction to the intruders!

I remember him one day talking of a poem he meant to write on a nightingale, which poem, however, never came to anything. A mutual friend often reminded him of it, and one day in particular I recollect her saying, "Now, Alfred, how about that nightingale?" "Oh, it's dead long ago!" he said with amused petulance.

After we left Freshwater we only saw the poet once, in London, where he

had taken a house for a short time. He and Mrs. Tennyson received us as kindly as ever. I had letters from Mrs. Tennyson occasionally which will ever be valued, but of late the present Lord Tennyson answered my letters, his mother being too feeble to write. Farringford and Freshwater will ever remain among the happiest memories of my life.

Cornhill Magazine.

L. F.

THE BELLS.

On one of these still Autumn days,
I know not where, I know not when,
Far o'er the hills beyond the haze
I lighted on a lonely glen.

Brushing the bracken with my knees,
Stirring the leaves that strewed the ground,
Amid the silent forest-trees
I seemed the only living sound.

And lo! an isle of palm and date
Shone through the western waste afar,
And like a seal above the gate
Of sunset hung a milk-white star.

And, statelier than the spires of Is,*
In the blue ocean overhead
I saw the forms of those in bliss,
The calm Elysium of the dead.

And falling faintly on mine ears
I seemed to hear the church-bells chime,
Sweeter than in the primrose years
Of youth, and love's delightful prime.

And, two by two, in tranquil stoles,
With palms of peace I saw them go,
The pilgrim feet of patient souls
Made pure by suffering here below.

Singing of love they passed. And then
The vision vanished as it rose,
And high above the lonely glen
I heard the gates of azure close.

The Spectator.

Gascoigne Mackie.

* "Une des legendes les plus repandues en Bretagne est celle d'une pretendue ville d'Is, qui, a une epoque inconnue, aurait ete engloutie par la mer."—Renan's "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse."

THE CHINA BOWL.

(Conclusion.)

III.

THE CHINA BOWL.

"From the first moment I entered the room—and what a charming room it is!" remarked Miss Maxwell in a high, rather drawling, distinguished voice, accustomed to making itself individually heard above the general conversation in crowded drawing-rooms, sounding somewhat out of place in the simple chamber—"I said to myself, 'I positively *must* have that delicious bowl.' I shall be really broken-hearted if I have to go away without it. I shall, indeed!"

She was a slim, studiously-dressed personage of about thirty, looking five or six years younger. She flung off the superfluous years with a peremptory hardihood, as she would have flung off any appendage that did not suit her complexion, or fit her scheme of work, or choice of pleasure; a person used to excite attention, and compel admiration, and to achieve, moreover, any aim which she had in view.

"Of course," she proceeded, "you were just going to say it's a family treasure, or something dreadful of that kind, and that you can't possibly part with it, and I shall be wretched. Oh!" she broke off, apparently just perceiving the portrait by the mantelpiece, "so you've hung it there; that's the very place for it; how nice of you to put my poor little sketch in the place of honor! Did I suggest it? Oh! then it was because I thought you *ought* to have the place of honor. Really, it looks very well. You know I'm coming down in the autumn with the picture, on purpose for you to sit; it's going to be a regular success, you know; every one asks me who 'Judith' is. But I keep it

a secret, or Tregarveth would be besieged by people in knickerbockers bringing down canvases to take you away on, and then what would your husband say?"

She had adroitly turned the subject, to give Susannah time for reflection, and she intended, if flattery, persuasion, or money could win it, to carry off the coveted bowl. It was, in fact, mainly for that purpose she had come. Susannah *was* reflecting; she knew the disposal of it presented difficulties, but she did not wish to offend Miss Maxwell, and even a short acquaintance had taught her that to cross that lady in a pet project meant offence. She did not care for the thing itself; it had always seemed cumbrous and useless; she had more than once meditated its removal, and now apparently it was convertible into gold.

Susannah was a person of two passions; one was power and the other wealth; she saw a close analogy between the two. If she sold the piece of china, David would probably be angry, and Rachel certainly dismayed, but David—had not experience proved it?—was easily enough appeased. She stole a glance at her reflection in the old upright mirror, as a warrior may feel the edge of a trusted weapon, and felt secure.

Rachel—deep, dark, dark in its shadows is the human heart—Rachel might finally rebel. It was not a design, it was only a sudden unbidden thought, springing from a subconscious purpose. Rachel might lose her self-control; that would mean open warfare, and open warfare, for the weaker, means defeat. Subjection, flight—the possibilities flitted through her mind in rapid sequence; cruel they were, truly, and for a second she recoiled from self, but

only the next moment to embrace it. After all, the deed was lawful, pardonable, not a crime.

"How much wu'd 'ee say 'twas worth?" she asked, totally ignorant of its value.

"I would gladly give two pounds for it," the lady said evasively. "I dare say it's not really valuable, only I've taken such a fancy to it, you know, and it does, doesn't it rather, just a little bit lumber up the shelf?"

"I wud'n an' David wud'n, I be sure, part wi' it under five."

She named this large sum at a venture.

"That's a good deal," said the maker of many artistic bargains, suavely, with a glance at Susannah's countenance, now somewhat disturbed. It gave, however, no promise of abatement. "Very well," she agreed, drawing out a bulky, monogrammed purse, and laying the gold pieces upon the table. My man is outside with the pony-cart. I suppose, if you didn't mind, of course, he could take it now."

Susannah lifted it from the big Bible without comment, and laid it beside the money, dubiously satisfied. The sum was paid too readily; she might have asked for more, having herself undoubtedly some price to pay.

She looked up to encounter the figure of Rachel, her spare shoulders covered with an old shawl, her gray hair partially hidden under an antiquated bonnet, standing at the door.

"What be doin' wi' that bowl?" she demanded, addressing Susannah, and ignoring the intruder, who had risen and was preparing to welcome the new-comer with one of those special smiles of hers, reserved exclusively for the interesting poor. Confident of her capacity to carry elegantly through any delicate business, and not altogether disliking the exercise of what she considered a unique accomplishment, she quickly divined the position, and

before Susannah could speak she replied:

"Susannah has parted with it to me; I admired it so much, perhaps I was a little importunate; but I hope"—with one of her most successful gestures—"you are not displeased?"

"What's the meanin' o't?" pursued Rachel, still ignoring the speaker and addressing Susannah.

"You ded hear," said Susannah sullenly, "I've parted wi' it, an' that's true."

The two women faced each other; the younger obdurate, prepared to make no concession, give no recall; Rachel amazed—a sense of terrible helplessness stealing over her, which she dismissed with a strong effort, trying to straighten her bent frame. Slowly and distinctly she began:

"It wadn't your'n to part wi'—put et back."

Susannah laughed. The mirthless sound, low though it was, filled the small chamber like some soulless creature's cry.

Rachel gave one long frightened look at the lips from which it came; then she turned trembling from it to the composed spectator of the scene.

"The bowl be mine," she said; "an' my dead husband brought et back to me fro' hes first voyage the year that us was wed. 'Twere used to christen my first child; et have a' stood theer 'pon the Book 'bout sixty year an' more; I wu'd so soon part wi' my right hand. What have 'ee got to say?"

"Tes I, not she, as have a' got the sayin'." broke in Susannah roughly, "an' I say I've sold et, an' the price of et lies theer."

"Wadn't et enough," Rachel burst forth, loosing for the first time her long-pent anguish—"wadn't et enough for 'ee to steal my son, but you must make away wi' a bit o' a keepsake, like this heer, that was mine afore ever 'ee was born!"

"This is very distressing," said the lady, beginning to stammer over her diplomatic part. "I'm afraid"—glancing uneasily at the sovereigns on the table—"a bargain is a bargain; and if it takes two to make one, it must take two to break it. But if Susannah releases me—"

"I don't," she answered doggedly; and then to Rachel, "I have David's word for't," she said, twisting her mind to think this was the truth. "He gie'd me leave to do whatever I'd a mind to in the home that's hes an' mine. Call your man," she said, pointing imperiously to the door, "an' tell en to take et out."

"If that is so," began the unfortunate purchaser, and then obeying another peremptory gesture from Susannah, "Withers," she called, going toward the door. The man jumped down. "You can take that to the carriage; I shall walk to the post-office; the pony can wait there."

He took the great piece of China in his arms and stolidly bore it away.

"Forgive me," she ventured, turning to Rachel, and again broke off. She might have been speaking to a battered image—a piece of speechless clay.

"Tesen't over pleasant for 'ee heer," Susannah remarked, and without holding out her hand, "Wish 'ee good-day."

And Helena Maxwell, the accomplished disciple of Delsarte, the famous organizer of artistic poses, hurried to obey, pushing, with almost vulgar haste, upon the threshold, against the man about to enter.

He drew back to let her pass. It was, and on looking back she marked it as, the first ungraceful exit in her career.

IV.

THE SEQUEL.

David had seen the familiar piece of

china resting on the seat of the pony-trap, for which he had stood aside to make way, as it clattered down the narrow street. He had not understood its presence there. He could not reach conclusions quickly, but as he walked up home a sinister presentiment crossed his puzzled brain.

When he entered the room, his mother's whitening cheeks and the defiant bearing of Susannah, as she met his questioning gaze, slowly enlightened him. His glance fell upon the money spread out upon the table, and his brow darkened.

"What's the meanin' o't?" he asked, repeating his mother's question; and again Susannah laughed, but this time the harsh notes were weighted with an element of fear.

The sound, for a second, chilled him, and then suddenly seemed to set his blood on fire.

"Take that damned money," he said in heavy, labored tones, "to her that it belongs to, and fetch back to mother the thing that's her'n."

His head began to swim, he felt overwhelmed by the passion rapidly surging up within him, foreign to his placid nature, threatening to govern in the place of thought.

Susannah did not move.

"Take et, I say," he repeated, his voice rising, his blue eyes burning ominously.

She did not move.

He advanced a step towards her.

Rachel's eyes were fixed upon his set lips and clouding face. She came forward and put a shaking hand upon his arm. He removed it gently, and Susannah noticed the tenderness of that repulse.

"Let your mother take et," she said savagely; "tes her work to make trouble i' this house, and set 'ee agen me. Let her take et, or let et bide, I say."

"Do's I bid 'ee," he broke forth, losing

possession of himself, and raising a threatening arm.

Once again she laughed, flinging from lips and eyes derision and defiance into his now distorted face.

He stepped forward, and dashed the coins from the table; they fell jingling and scattering along the floor. He faced Susannah.

"Will 'ee do's I bid 'ee?" he cried once more.

"No!" she said, with blazing cheeks.

Rachel had almost flung herself between them, uttering a moaning, repressive cry. She was too late. Before she reached them, he had struck out blindly and dealt Susannah a heavy stunning blow.

It was the first and last violence of of his gentle life.

She staggered back and steadied herself against the wall. He watched her as through a mist, heard her first words as in a horrible, disordered dream. He turned to go.

"Stay theer," she said; "you'd best take notis' of 'em, for they'm the last words I've agot to spalk to 'ee. You've choosed the wrong woman, David Parris, to sarve as 'ee've a'sarved me this same minnit. Hark'ee," she went on, lifting her voice above its first vibrating whisper, "never will I mend, or clain, or do for 'ee agen. Never will I hold spaich with 'ee, or take that hand o' your'n, or lie beside 'ee, so long as us do live. An' never, mark'ee, David Parris, never shall the child that's to be born, so long as I can kape'n from et, hear hes father's name. I cast 'ee off. You'm patient, but I'll outlast 'ee. God judge atween us, David Parris, I've adone with 'ee."

She ended in a shrill crescendo, which mingled with the contentious trebles of childish voices outside the door.

The three actors in this short drama stood apart. Rachel, her shawl dropped off, her bonnet fallen back, was leaning against the mantelpiece, one hand

shaking as if with palsy, resting upon it, a shrunken form of fear, a face of ashes, beneath its thin dishevelled hair. Susannah stood erect, magnificent, breathless, her features over-spread with sudden pallor, with eyes like those of some unconquered animal, and lips like those of a vengeful god.

David remained by the doorway, from which Susannah's first words had recalled him, motionless, with bowed head before the two women whose love had wrought his woe. He heard, as if from a great distance, the chorus of piping voices outside the door.

"So be et, Susanah," he said brokenly at last. "So let et be."

V.

BANNED.

In a little square-built hut, pitched upon a ledge of rock which overhung the bay, with gray railed steps leading upward to the high roadway, flanked on one side by the sea, and on the other by the desolate tract of downs stretching away beyond the haven, Rachel had taken refuge. The two small windows looked down directly on the sea, let in its careless sighing and intermittent roar. At night far out across the pitiless black water, the red spark shone and disappeared and shone again, reminding her of those who, but for man's warning and God's mercy, must "return unto the sea."

Here, for a time, she dwelt alone—doubly alone in the strange room with its poor and unfamiliar furniture; until one day, driven from his home by silent and persistent enmity, David joined her, to find there, in a bitterer sense, his refuge too.

Susannah had kept her vow.

He had been patient and she had outlasted him. The food choked him which he had had to take from his own table like a thief; his very clothes,

unwashed, untended, irked him. The vengeful silence made him hunger for a word, even of fierce upbraiding; the desolation of her dead presence filled him with a dull longing for some companionship resembling life.

Through it all—knowing the while how vainly—he had striven to hide his shame. He would not go to any other woman, even to his mother, for assistance in the common necessities of life. The maintenance of the two households was bringing his resources low. He had aged in a few months; the change was visible in his altered face and bearing; sorrow left untouched only his fair, boyishly-curled hair.

When they met, Rachel noted these signs but did not speak of them; his trouble was never spoken of between them. There was something awful about this reticence, but it was characteristic of the two.

At last worn out by silence and neglect and his own impotence, he fled to her. So again they sat together, but not as in other days; an invisible presence parted them. David was haunted by an indefinite sense of remorse, which lent to his manner an added gentleness; and she had grown to regard him—and he was dimly conscious of it—with a kind of diffidence akin to fear.

The shadow of separation had fallen between them long ago, and now it would not pass away.

One evening they were together in the tiny living-room, where a bed had been put up for David; Rachel was seated upon it. He was standing at the door. Above the murmur of lapping water rose the shouts and screams of the children, playing among the boats upon the beach below.

"Thee was never a riotous lad," she began, peering back through the years at the little ones who were gone, "not like the others; a passel o' times they was very plaguen'. Father liked to hear en racket; he ded say that 'rack-

ettin' lads 'ud make the bravest men.' But I mind thee, Davy, when 'ee was a lad, brave and quiet and different fro' the rest."

"'Twould be fine and peaceful," he said, looking round at her with a smile that could not veil its wistfulness, "to be a lad agen."

It was the first allusion to his trouble, and she was afraid to notice it.

"They'm properly noisy," she said timidly, after a while, getting up and looking down upon the little scurrying specks upon the shingle. Have 'ee forgot the children, Davy? You used to look for'n; they was always blinchin' round the door."

"I've lost my way wi' en," he said wearily. "Simmee altogether I've lost my way."

Yet it was upon childhood that his thoughts were set; upon his own child, just about to be born.

For Susannah was near her time.

Only that morning he had passed his home and seen the strange woman at the door.

He turned from looking down upon the bay, where the men were standing in scattered groups around the boats in the deepening twilight. Beyond them were the crowded lights, the huddled houses of the little town. He came and stood by Rachel at the window, and for a moment they watched together the faint red star rise fitfully across the dim white breakers of the shadowed sea.

"'Tes likely 'twill be born to-night," he said, slowly and painfully. "Would 'ee be so good as to go up land an' ask Susannah ef so be as she's wantin' to see her man?"

She met his anxious glance with one of scared entreaty. Her long life had been one of many apprehensions, and now in these latter days they crowded in upon her still.

"I dare not go mysel'," he said, "or I wud'n ask 'ee. Will 'ee go, mother?"

Thee was always brave and good to me."

For answer she laid her thin wrinkled hand upon his great brown fingers, and passed it caressingly up and down, saying, at length:

"An' thee've a been always brave and good to me, Davy."

"I doubt et," he said sadly; "no, I doubt et, mother."

But she shook her head with a new and happier smile.

"I'll go," she said, at last, "but reckon 'twould be better if thee'd go, thyself."

"I cudn'," he answered. "Do 'ee go, mother, do 'ee go."

She lit the lamp and set the table, going feebly about the simple tasks, and then put on the old bonnet and well-worn shawl. He watched her toil slowly up the steps and a little way along the high sloping road, till a tooth of jutting rock suddenly shut her figure from his view. Then he came back into the room and sat by the spread-out table, his arms resting upon it, his head fallen across them—waiting. Once he looked up for the brass dial of the clock to find it was not there.

"I miss the tick," he muttered to himself, reminded of its absence. "I miss the tick; 'twas company." And thus recalled to the visible common things of life, he could shut them out no more.

He got up, but there was no space for restlessness in the small encumbered chamber, and he sat down again to watch with dull, unreal interest the insignificant objects facing him—his own coat and yellow sou'wester hanging by the door; his mother's apron flung across the opposite chair; the little row of books set along a shelf hard by. He began to spell out the titles, which seemed unfamiliar, though he had known them all his days. "The Wesleyan Pulpit," "The Christian Gentlewoman's Magazine," "John Salt's Temptation," bound in bright blue,

profusely gilt—his one prize, of which his mother had been so proud. He wanted to move about; the idea occurred to him to go and meet her, but he shunned the sympathy, the possible comments, of those whom he might also meet. His suspense was not poignant; there was nothing poignant in his nature, but it was none the less almost unbearable.

He suffered in a blind fashion, groping through the mystery of pain.

He felt in a way that he was suffering justly; it was nothing to him that other men repeatedly committed the same fault and slept at ease; he was, as his mother had told him, different from the rest.

At last he heard the expected footsteps, and Rachel entered. She unfastened her things deliberately, and he waited patiently for her to speak.

"Eat thy supper, lad," she began, looking at the untasted food, and trying to evade his look of dumb anxiety.

"I cudn' touch a screed of et," he said simply. "What ded a say?"

"Must I tell 'ee?" she pleaded pitifully. "Tes fine and whist to hear."

He nodded, and left the table, taking a seat beside the fire.

"I ded ask what 'ee telled me, Davy, an' 'What be talkin' 'bout?' she says, wi' a face so white as death, an' then were quiet so's ef her were slaipen. 'Davy sent me to ask 'ee ef so be as you'm wanting to see your man,' I says agen, an' she sat up. 'I have no man,' her said, and wudn' open lips agen. I waited, Davy, but her turned away."

"Her turned away," he repeated heavily, "so th' Almighty have a'done this day."

Rachel could find no answer. She took a chair and sat down opposite him, as she had done on the evening of his betrothal, to watch the strange yet familiar face, with the same feeling of its being very far away. She longed to reach his sorrow as she had

never longed to reach his joy; if he had spoken, she might have put a finger on it, but he did not speak.

For long they remained thus, with silence set between them, but it grew late, and she got up at length to go to bed. As he did not move to bid her the customary "Wish 'ee goodnight," she made as if to go without it, but came back, and pausing behind him, laid her fingers lightly upon the fair curling hair of his bowed head. He put up a hand in a clumsy recognition of the touch, and then she left him, sitting before the fire, staring at it, and, as on the night when they had first spoken together of Susannah, passing a hand mechanically up and down each knee.

In the morning he was gone. His boat was missing from the beach, but no one knew how he had launched it; no one could tell in what direction it had started from the bay.

VI.

DAVID COMES HOME.

"Thy Providence, O Father, governeth it: for Thou hast made a way in the sea and a safe path in the waves."

In the advancing twilight of her life—a dusk swiftly approaching night—Rachel's dim eyes were fixed upon these words, traced on the little sampler by small, unthinking fingers so many years ago. Her thought was bounded by the sea. Night and morning, and through the long pause of day, it sounded in her ears; she sat surrounded by the menace of the water, clasping the promise of that mercy which had failed before, and yet might save and send the last of her lost children back, to close her eyes and set her forth, in peace upon that journey which seemed at times so near.

He had been gone two months and had sent no word. He might have

reached some foreign port, or found a home somewhere along the coast within sight of Tregarveth: finally she let go profitless conjecture and waited, companioned by the last of all her terrors—he might have been taken by the sea.

Together they had watched for Jenefer, long and patiently and lovingly; listening vainly for unreturning feet, but still together. Now, for David, she watched alone, rarely stirring from her seat at the window looking upon the bay.

Not far off, at the top of the sloping road, in the white house with its four wide windows facing seaward, Susannah was watching too. David's child was at her breast, and with some mysterious power it had pleaded for him and wrung pardon from its mother's heart.

"God forgive me," she said at night, laying her head beside his vacant pillow. "God forgive me, I let 'ee go."

Welcome was lodged in that rebellious breast, and tended by the tiny fingers which clung to it, a gentler light shone in the once avenging eyes, as they looked down with new-lit tenderness upon the burden in her arms, which was to give his father greeting when he came.

So the two women watched for the man's coming, which was to sweeten death and re-awaken life; both looked for the slow speech and quiet eyes, and heavy footsteps; and at last, with a great silence laid upon him, with arrested gaze, and feet that had touched land beyond the haven where they waited, David came.

It had been a night of sudden storm; the wind raving in hollow fury round the frowning cliffs, the waves breaking in thunderous beats upon the shore. No boats were out, and so Tregarveth slept, only awakened now and then by gusts which swept up the steep streets in dreary violence from the defiant sea.

Rachel had early left her bed, and, wrapt in a shawl, crept to the window, where she leant against the clattering frame. An awful loneliness had fallen upon her, shutting out every other fear. The desolate old woman shivered in the howling darkness, helplessly craving some near sign of human presence, some sense of comfort and living care. She would have turned in that forsaken moment even to Susannah, if Susannah had been near.

The younger woman slept, cradling the tiny creature that rested by her side.

The morning broke kindly with drifting clouds; the wind dropped as suddenly as it rose; only the waves, not quite appeased, ran high, and fell, licking the shore with grating tongues, and raking the shingle with white teeth of spray. At noon the clouds let through the sun, which cast their shadows in great sapphire bands far out across the emerald water, which shoreward rolled up sullen brown. Later, the sky, swept fully clear, hung high, a fading azure above the gold-flecked track of gray and purple sea.

Tregarveth was astir. The women were talking in the streets, the men in groups upon the beach, where the boats tossed on the returning tide. It was on this returning tide that David Parls had come home, washed into shore a little way beyond the haven, off Pentarras Head, the next cove to the bay. Now they were bringing him along.

The news came to Susannah at her door. At the first hint of it her hoarded gentleness took flight. He had come too late, and Too Late is a harder word for those who have to utter it, than Never-more. A wild, inhuman madness shook her spirit, a revolt against the victories her soul had won so painfully, now to be wasted in a great defeat. She had achieved a greeting never to be met, she had allowed

her heart to hunger for his coming, and he came to mock that hunger with cold lips and loveless eyes. She had even stooped to pray, and the prayer was answered by this barren hour. There had been pardon for the living, there was no welcome for the dead.

"Tes no business o' mine's," she muttered hoarsely, when the messenger had told his tale. "They can car' en home to hes mother's. That be the place for en. They oft to know et. They can car' en theer." And going back into the house, she shut the door, and hushed the child, who had begun to cry for her, with hardening mouth; regarding its restless motions with a new, unnatural stare.

Her soul was torn. For, in a strange fashion, she had loved him—with all the heart she had. A small heart, here and there, is Nature's whim: and love has many ways: hers—not altogether of her own choosing—had been a crooked way.

The men with their burden presently passed the window, and she watched them from it, with the babe upon her knee. A frenzy, gathering force, fed by her own last utterance, seized her. "Home to his mother's." That was the end and the beginning of it all. Rachel first and last: herself but a brief and minor interlude in David's life.

It was the strained conclusion of a distracted soul, a self-distorted mind. From it, suddenly, a distorted impulse sprang, and almost before it had taken shape in thought, she put it into act. The child was sleeping now; she carried it upstairs and left it carefully covered up—a tiny bundle in the midst of the wide bed. Then hastening down, she crossed the threshold and stepped out, passing rapidly between the groups of chattering neighbors, down the steep uneven street. They looked after her with curious glances and partially silenced tongues. She took small note of them, but hurried forward, never

slackening pace, nor shifting her cruel steady gaze, fixed on the blackening patch of sea, until she reached the little hut perched on its ledge of rock above the bay.

Without pausing to knock for admittance, she thrust open the door, which stood ajar.

His great boots, split to the heel, cut from the drowned man's limbs, had been left standing just within it: she stumbled over them on entering.

Rachel was standing by the body of her son. Her face, marked by the night of watching and its awful morrow, was pinched and drawn and gray. She was not looking now on his terribly changed features: her eyes had rested where her last touch had lain, upon the fair boyishly-curling hair. Some stray bits of wet seaweed still clung about it, and some which had been hanging to his clothing had slipped and lay strewn here and there, making damp trails across the floor.

At sight of Susannah, she did not speak, but stretched out her arms in piteous supplication. He had come back, like those before him, cruelly defaced but not unkindly strange; was he at this last moment to be snatched away?

Mutely she cried for mercy, but Susannah's heart was obdurate to the living, even in the presence of the dead. It was possessed by the sole passion which is not shaken in the face of death: before those alienated features hate recoils, and vengeance hangs its head, and love falls weeping, and lust burns its shame; while jealousy alone, in its last impotence, burns on, feeding, even with that poor fuel of mortality, its hungry fire.

"No," she said, with cruel distinctness, answering the appeal; "I dedn't come for to look at a dead starin' man. I dedn't come to claim en, though he be mine not your'n. I comed to ha' a las' word with 'ee, Rachel Parris, an'

to take a las' look at the woman who've a' killed her son."

She advanced a step and at that approach Rachel shrank back, taking, affrighted, refuge in the farthest corner of the room.

Susannah filled her place beside the bed.

"Be afear'd," she asked, pointing to the prone figure there, "the dead'll rise to gie me another blow? There is none left to strike for 'ee or spaik for 'ee. You be alone wi' me. You'm be forced to hear what I be goin' to tell 'ee. An' tes words to think 'pon. Mark'en, Rachel Parris. David do owe his death to 'ee this day." Her voice rose and rang out savagely shrill. "'Twas easy work to part we—that were soon done—an' easy work to 'tice en back to 'ee, but 'twere the finish of en. 'Twadn't sich easy work for he to bide with 'ee; he cudn't bide. You was the one that made a brute of en, jest for a piece o' painted cloam; that were the price o' wife an' child for David, an' tes to pay et he lies theer. Deds't think," she went on, stung by bitter memory, "two months agone I wud ha' tuk en back for words o' your'n. You knawed I wudn'. Reckon you mastered et he shudn' come himsel'. 'Twas I that sent him to hes death, so I ded hear 'em teuin' as I comed along. They'm wrong; the Lord be witness, that were left to thee."

She paused for some sign of suffering from the stricken woman; some defensive answer. Rachel had none to give. Neither speech nor moan escaped that dumb, half-huddled object, barely visible in the dark corner, facing its accuser, with blanched, shrivelled cheeks, and scared, weeping eyes.

She saw Susannah indistinctly, through the thickening mists of sense and sight, stationed before her like a hideous, revengeful spirit, voice and form almost impalpable, yet striking horror with unearthly power to the soul.

The mute acceptance of her utterance renewed the poison in Susannah's spirit, loaded her lips again.

"Come heer an' look at en!" she cried, making as if she would drag the shrinking figure forward, but quickly stepping back from the crouching, hated form. "T'es time for that when I be gone. I stopped 'ee, but I wudn' stop 'ee now. Mayst take thy fill o' glazin' at the last o' all thy sons, but never think that he comed back to 'ee. He knawed so well as I what you'd adone for en. Most nights as he sat theer with 'ee he thought of et, an' ef he loved 'ee once, 'twas over then. 'Twas over when 'ee tuk the light fro' they blue starin' eyes o' hes. I were the only light of en; time and agen he telled me so. I were the light and you the darkness of hes life. He minded et, I tell 'ee, night and day. Hes heart were gone from 'ee afore hes body. He leaved 'ee wi'out a word, an' he comed back to me. Body an' soul you had a' lost en, an' ef so be as the dead do rise agen, and theer be judgment, nuther I' this world nor the nex' will he ha' part nor lot wi' thee."

She ended, and the last inhuman notes struck hard against the silence. She stood erect and panting from ner breathless outburst, casting a final glance round the dark room. The quiet form, hardly discernible, stretched out beside her was scarcely stiller than the living figure which she could not see. She thrust the door back, and stood a moment on the threshold, still looking backward into the black room. The

Temple Bar.

motion of the waves outside arrested her.

"Tide's runnin'; hark'ee to et, hark'ee to et, Rachel Parris," she called out high above it. "'Twill help 'ee to remember me."

The presence passed, but still the voice ran on. Rachel lifted herself up at last, and groped towards the door. The bolt was rusted with long disuse, but with barely conscious fingers she managed to draw it to.

There were to be no more footsteps, there was to be no more speech. There must, she felt blindly and dizzily, be no more separation now. She sank down on the floor beside the bed, and leant her head against the frame. Through the window—now an almost indistinguishable square—the faint red star appeared and disappeared, and started out again. And still she heard the tide. She had no power to shut that sound away. The night fell darkly; wrapped in its shadow, mother and son were left alone. For a short space it curtained them, and then the day broke to the same old burden of waves lapping against the shore.

Not now to tortured ears which heard in it all notes of anguish. For these a Hand had hushed that tide.

And they who slept within the silenced chamber slept secure from human severance and human woe.

No hand, nor voice, nor presence, nor dividing sea, had further power this side the last great barrier to separate those twain.

Charlotte M. Mew.

"LORD'S DAY COMES SEVEN TIMES A WEEK."

Ah, some there be that make, in sordid wise,
The House of God a house of merchandise;
But others make—who after Christ have trod—
A house of merchandise the House of God.

Frederick Langbridge.

SHEER ENTERTAINMENT.*

"With his legs horizontalized on his lodging-house sofa." This is almost the first quotation in the new part of Volume V. of the "New English Dictionary." It occurs to us that a great many of our readers who are now horizontalizing their legs on rural and seaside sofas could wish for no more entertaining reading than Dr. Murray's great dictionary affords. We are quite serious. Before now we have shown how easily enjoyment may be sucked from its pages. And although the size and make of the parts in which the dictionary is issued do not precisely recommend it for the shingle, or a nest in the heather, yet if entertainingness is the important quality of holiday reading, then you have it here without stint or doubt. Besides which, the work affords to the resting man the spectacle of an industry so colossal that his sense of idle anchorage and of release from the hurly-burly must be deepened as he runs his eye down these wonderful columns, ranging through abstruse philological inquiry to gay quotation and curious analogy.

We have just used the word hurly-burly. It is one of the words dealt with in the present instalment, and its history is curious enough. In all reasonableness it ought to be nothing more than a sort of "initially-varied reduplication" of the word "hurly," meaning a commotion, an uproar. The odd thing is that "hurly-burly" is found in English literature more than half a century earlier than "hurly." Thus "hurly" first starts up in 1596, in "The Taming of the Shrew." Petruchio says:—

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverent care of
her.

Whereas "hurly-burly" occurs as early as 1539 and 1545. Hall (1548) writes in his Chronicle: "In this time of insurrection and in the rage of horley-borley." As a verb the word is found in a political ballad of 1678:—

This hurly-burly all the town
Makes Smith and Harris prattle.

Lindley Murray admonished his young grammarians to avoid "low expressions, such as topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, and pell-mell," forgetting, perhaps, that Shakespeare had written:—

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,

and not foreseeing that De Quincey, that verbal epicurean, would write six years later: "In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm."

In the same column "Hurrah" catches the eye. It is a later substitute for "Huzza." We are told that "hurrah" was the battle-cry of the Prussian soldiers in the War of Liberation (1812-13), from which time it became a cry of exultation, though in practice "hooray" is the word that is shouted. Yet "hurrah" is found in Addison's "Drummer" (1716) as "whurra!" and in "She Stoops to Conquer," some one shouts "Hurree, hurree, bravo!" Earlier than this, "hurrah" was used to denote a cry of joy, but the actual exclamation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was "Huzza!" Thus, in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer:" "Huzza then! huzza for the queen and the honor of Shropshire!" "Huzza!" is thought to have been originally a seaman's

* A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. V.: Horizontalized—Hywe. (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

word. In a London Gazette of 1679 we may read: "At his passing over the Bridge the Castle saluted him with . . . three Hussaws, Seamen like," and various early writers connect the word with the sea. Dr. Murray suggests a connection with "heisau!" "hissa!" which were hauling or hoisting cries. One is only surprised that the sibilant in "Huzza" was tolerated so long. In a short-lived allusive sense "huzza" stood for a riotous young fellow and a gallant. Thus Wycherley's Dancing Master says: "We are for the brisk huzzas of seventeen or eighteen." And the party politics of Defoe's time crystallized one of its phases in "huzzamen," men paid to shout "huzza." An entry in a Flying Post of 1715 says: "For scores of huzza-men, £40."

Less jubilant, though not less eager, kinds of shouting are those connected with the word "hue" in hue-and-cry. "Hue" stood alone once. As late as 1779 we read in the Gentleman's Magazine: "As soon as M. Lally appeared, a hue was set up by the whole assembly, hisses, pointing threats and every abusive name." Poor M. Lally! And Drayton wrote:—

Like as a Heard of over-heated Deere
With Hues and Hounds recov'ed
every where.

Dr. Murray says there is some reason to believe that *hue*, as distinct from cry, originally meant inarticulate sound, including that of a horn or trumpet, as well as of the voice. This seems to be borne out by Blackstone, who, in his "Commentaries," says: "An hue . . . and cry, *hutesium et clamor*, is the old common law process of pursuing, with horn and with voice, all felons." And until 1839 the English Police Gazette used the phrase in its sub-title, which still survives in the Police Gazette; or, Hue-and-Cry, published every Tuesday and Friday for Ireland. Dickens often

used the phrase, and every one knows how "six gentlemen upon the road" raised the hue-and-cry against poor Gilpin. In 1734 a critic of the Northern Examiner said he had made "hue-and-cry" all over some unlucky author's book, and found not what he sought. Reviewers might note the phrase.

"Humbug" is an instance of a word which sprang no one knows whence, and has survived by its own vitality. It dates from about 1750, when, in a paper of the time, it was noted:—

There is a word very much in vogue with the people of taste and fashion, which though it has not even the "penumbra" of a meaning, yet makes up the sum total of the wit, sense, and judgment of the aforesaid people of taste and fashion! . . . I will venture to affirm that this Humbug is neither an English word, nor a derivative from any other language. It is indeed a blackguard sound, made use of by most people of distinction! It is a fine make-weight in conversation, and some great men deceive themselves so egregiously as to think they mean something by it!

Three years later in the *Connoisseur*, Earl Orrery wrote: "Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth—such as *odious, horrible, detestable, shocking, Humbug*. The last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced." Evidently the new word hit hard. It was jeered at as belonging only to the pretenders to wit. And for a time the word was used to denote a witticism. Killigrew's Universal Jester (1754) contained "a choice collection of . . . bonmots and humbugs," and elsewhere we read of "sprightly humbugs and practical jokes." And in the north, and in Gloucestershire, a humbug was a sweetmeat.

Disraeli wrote in *Coningsby*: "A gov-

ernment of statesmen or of clerks? Of Humbug or of Humdrum?" The words are subtly antithetical, humdrum being always allied to respectability and lack of enterprise. It is doubtful, says Dr. Murray, whether the "drum" has any connection with "hum" except by a very usual reduplicating process. "Humtrum" occurs as early as 1553; but the word begins to be frequent only in the eighteenth century. Its meaning is admirably suggested by Addison in his ninth *Spectator*: "The *Hum-Drum Club* . . . was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smook their Pipes, and say nothing till Mid-night." As a noun, denoting a dull person, the word occurs in Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," and Mr. Blackmore says in "Perlycross:" "There are none but hum-drums and jog-trots." "Humdrum" seems to have been suggested by the humming and sleeping of a top, and by low buzzing sounds conducive to slumber. The odd thing is that the same associations of rapid, indistinct sound have caused the word "hum" to carry the opposite sense of activity. Mr. Kipling writes in "Many Inventions:" "The whole country was humming with Dacoits," and in America, and now in England, the significance of the word has been so forced up that to "make things hum" is to make them very lively indeed. Thus a new meaning becomes hostile to an older one. To "hum and ha," to hem and stroke one's beard, is to provoke the antagonist who wants to "make things hum." The question arises, did this intensification of the word hum take place in America? As in so many cases the answer is no! It is but a return to an old English sense. For while "hum" kept its associations of sleepiness and hesitation, or, at the most, a suppressed activity, the participle "humming" quite early detached itself for other duty. Thus, "caught in

a humming lie" occurs in Gayton's "Notes" (1654), and a century later Horace Walpole notes that "*Humming* is a cant word for vast. A person meaning to describe a very large bird, said, 'It was a *Humming Bird*.'" Could there be a quainter instance of the quarrels and divergences of words of the same family? Humming, as applied to liquor, meant effervescing and hence strong, intoxicating. "The wine was humming strong," says Sir Harry Wildair. But here the child had been forestalled by the parent. "Hum" meant strong, or double ale, long before Sir Harry Wildair's days. It is so used in Ben Jonson's "The Devil an Ass," and Cotton writes, in 1670: "The best Cheshire humi e'er drank in his life." Hence, "hum-cap," a cant word for old mellow beer and—possibly—humpty-dumpty in its old meaning of ale boiled with brandy.

A phrase with a curious history is "humble-pie." Why humble pie? Pies are not humble dishes, nor do most people feel humble when they are helped to pie. Eating the leek is quite another matter. We may not all be, like Pistol, "qualmish" at the smell of that wholesome vegetable, but his swallowing it under the blows of Fluellen is a picture which will forever elucidate and consecrate the phrase. The explanation of "humble pie" may still be new to many. "Umbles" are the heart, liver and other inward parts of the deer, and were the huntsman's perquisites. Dr. Brewer says: "When the lord and his household dined, the venison party was served on the dais, but the humbles were made into a pie for the huntsman and his fellows." It seems reasonable, and Dr. Murray suggests that "humble pie" combines the two notions in a jocular way. According to Peacock, in "Maid Marion," Robin Hood helped the sheriff to "numble pie . . . and other dainties of his table," but our impression has always

been that the sheriff received on his platter the choicest cuts, and was made to eat "humble pie" only when his stomach was rejoiced and full.

It is interesting to find that "hush" as a substantive, meaning silence, was rarely used before this century. Dr. Murray suggests that Byron popularized this poetic use of the word. Thus, in "Childe Harold:"—

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,
yet clear.
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly
seen,

The Academy.

Save darken'd Jura, whose cap
heights appear
Precipitously steep, etc.

Before Byron only two such examples are given, but later there are many. One might ramble on for hours in this well-ordered garden of words, facts, legends and conceits. It is a harvesting of the past that Dr. Murray has undertaken, and not an ear of his gathered corn is empty or useless. But having set out to entertain, it becomes us not to weary. Abruptly, therefore, we horizontalize our pen.

THE MILITARY POSITION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The future of the Philippines threatens to become the burning question of the next Presidential election. It is, therefore, perhaps not out of place for a close observer who was present on the islands during the greater part of the recent operations to give some account of the events which have created the present situation.

Various reasons have combined to produce want of energy and of continuity in the campaign against the Filipino insurgents. Not the least important was General Otis's belief, due to the statements of the better class of Tagalos, very few of whom have been actively connected with the insurrection, that the native army would disintegrate after a few reverses. But, apart from this, there are two important facts of the case which have been ignored—first, that the natives will not consent to fight according to the recognized methods of modern warfare, and, second, that antagonism to the Americans has been increasing among the ignorant classes to an enormous ex-

tent. From the capitulation of Manila they have become more heartily detested than even were the Spaniards in the climax of their unpopularity in the islands.

The true reasons for this antagonism are not widely known, nor has its origin been thoroughly ventilated. It may be well, therefore, to recapitulate a little in order to give a true idea of its extent and intensity.

After Dewey's victory, Aguinaldo was not only permitted to hatch a new rebellion, against Spanish rule, but was openly encouraged to do so by several American officials, consuls and others, and in his ignorance of the world he naturally was unable to conceive that there was nothing official in this encouragement. He began his campaign in the province of Cavite, in the full belief, it is safe to presume, that he was an accepted ally of the United States, or, at least, that the ulterior purpose of the republic was to free the natives from European domination, and that in this operation the

Filipinos would be expected to take a part. General Anderson, moreover, who was in command of the first of the three expeditions to the Philippines, was in constant communication with Aguinaldo and his officers, and, in the presence of the common enemy, the two armed forces were on the friendliest terms.

When, however, General Merritt arrived and took command of the land forces, he persistently ignored, both officially and privately, the existence of the Filipino army, although it had, with extraordinary energy and courage, driven the Spaniards to their inner line of defences, and completely invested the town. His instructions from Washington were in the simplest terms, and he, therefore, had a free hand to deal with the situation as he chose; but he was apparently averse to assuming the responsibility of settling the Insurgent question then and there, and he successfully avoided the issue as long as he was in command. The problem, if friendly relations could not be maintained, admitted, of course, of but one solution—the disarmament of those natives who were not to be brought under the immediate control and authority of the United States. This, doubtless, could have been accomplished at the beginning, at least so far as the central organization of the Insurgent forces went, without causing any serious ill-feeling. However, although official recognition was always carefully withheld, private negotiations with Aguinaldo were still carried on, and it was by this means that he was persuaded to yield part of his front to the American troops when the drama of the capture of the town was about to be played. The date of the advance was, however, kept secret, and the Insurgents were not warned that their presence in the town would not be permitted; so that on August 13th, they naturally took a hand in the

operations on their own independent lines, and, at one point at least, literally shoulder to shoulder with the American troops, followed the retreating Spaniards to the walls of the old town. Only then did they find that they were not by any means welcome, and, to their chagrin and disappointment, the richest fruits of the victory were denied them. They were not permitted to carry arms in the business quarters along the Pasig river, nor in the walled town, nor, in fact, anywhere within the American lines, although no objection was made to their taking possession of the suburbs. Into these they promptly swarmed, and began at once diligently to convert the Spanish earthworks into offensive positions; with the result that in various places the American and Insurgent lines were dovetailed into each other, and in Malate, the southern suburb of the town, the American zone of occupation was completely bisected by a strip of territory held by the Insurgents.

Aguinaldo had never ceased to make frequent appeals to General Merritt for recognition in some way or other; and when, after the capture of the town, his *status* was not yet defined, he began to show signs of impatience, and his communications, which were at first effusively polite and deferential, became aggressive and even insolent in tone. No notice was taken of his attitude, and his irritation was, of course, much aggravated by the assumed indifference of the American authorities. The immediate result of this incipient antagonism was the establishment by the Insurgents of a practical siege of the American land forces. They held every approach to the town, collected octroi and other taxes, and would not permit any armed white man to enter their lines without a pass from Aguinaldo. By this means they forced General Merritt's hand, and the additional fact that they held the waterworks

obliged him to have official dealings with them within a week after he occupied Manila. Four days after the surrender, a small body of infantry was sent to take possession of the reservoirs in order that the water might be turned on. An Insurgent outpost disputed the advance of the expedition, which promptly returned to the town, and General Merritt opened negotiations with Aguinaldo, which resulted in American engineers and workmen being permitted to make use of the pumping station and the filtering reservoirs; but always under guard of native soldiers.

When General Otis arrived, a new policy was again adopted. By the terms which had been laid down by the protocol, the *status quo* was to be preserved in the Philippines, and Manila and its suburbs, together with the waters of the great bay, were to remain in the hands of the Americans, pending the decision of the Paris Commission. General Merritt made no attempt to clear the suburbs of the bands of native soldiers who occupied them, but General Otis, a few days after he took command, sent Aguinaldo an order to evacuate the prescribed area before a certain date, which, curiously enough, happened to be the very day on which the first Congress of the Revolutionary Government assembled at Malolos. The order was carried out, and the Insurgents withdrew, with ostensible good nature, and settled themselves along the lines of the suburbs. The glamor of the proceedings at Malolos dazzled, for a moment, the eyes of their leaders, but in a day or two they saw their mis-

take, and began to crowd their troops forward into immediate contact with the American outposts, with the result that the tension between the two forces increased with great rapidity. The native organizations were paraded and drilled in ostentatious proximity to the town, recruiting was openly and actively carried on everywhere, munitions of war were imported and hurried up the railway to the new capital, and in a very few weeks there were no less than 30,000 native troops in the field, a large proportion of which were well armed and fairly well drilled, well enough indeed for the irregular fighting they were accustomed to carry on. Naturally enough there were frequent troubles between the outposts, sometimes with fatal results, and certain of the Filipino leaders began to boast of their hatred of the new-comer, and of their ability to drive him into the sea. The tone of the Insurgent newspapers, one of which, the *Independencia*, was conducted by Antonio Luna, later the Commander-in-chief of the Insurgent army in the north, was full of feebly disguised insults to the Americans; the most lurid tales of American cruelty and cowardice were diligently circulated among the common people, and, after being vouched for by the priests and the leaders, were credited without hesitation. Altogether, there was a ferment of irritation and antagonism which was a sure indication of an approaching conflict.

Thus matters drifted inevitably, until they culminated in open warfare, and desultory negotiations found their fitting sequel in a desultory campaign.

F. D. Millet.

THE SITUATION IN THE BALKANS.

Politics in the Balkans at the present time must be very like what politics were in Western Europe during the Middle Ages. The entire Peninsula is divided as Europe was then among separate states which have no bond except their common creed, and are governed by Princes, each of whom is occupied in getting the better, by fair means or foul, of all the others. Each State is inhabited by people who have, in the main, only two occupations, agriculture and fighting, and who agree with their Princes that in the domain of politics, laws and consciences and agreements are almost equally burdensome. The regular means of aggrandizement are war and intrigue, but if individuals, whether Princes or statesmen, are too much in the way, their people or Princes resort to assassination without the slightest scruple. In Roumania there is internal quiet, because the Prince has won his army, and rebellion is practically hopeless; but statesmen of Roumania all form alliances outside, as the statesmen of Italy used to do. When, in Bulgaria, M. Stambouloff became too formidable, he was put to death, whether by the order of his Prince, or only by *protégés* of the Prince in their master's interest, no one will ever know. The Prince of Montenegro is supposed to form a party in each of the Principalities round him with a view to the increase of his dominions, and whether he instigates assassins or not, he is quite ready to profit by their success. The attempt to murder ex-King Milan followed closely upon a visit of Prince Nicholas to Serbia, and it is quite understood that if King Milan had died, a strong party in Serbia would have supported Prince Nicholas's claims to the succession, which he, for his part, urges open-

ly, and supports by a series of international alliances with the neighboring reigning houses. On the other hand, ex-King Milan, having escaped the bullet, thinks the occasion a good one for a clear sweep of his opponents, and accordingly arrests them all, and bringing them before a packed court on a charge of conspiracy to assassinate, asks for their lives. Doubtless he would have had them, but all the while Russia and Austria are watching Serbia, and Montenegro, and Bulgaria, just as France and the Empire used to watch Burgundy and Lorraine and the Low Countries, and they step in to forbid the killing of their respective adherents. The evidence proves nothing whatever, except that a man named Knevesitch did shoot at King Milan, and that a great many people wished he had succeeded in hitting his object, but the court, which palpably believed none of the evidence, sentenced the majority of the accused to penal servitude for terms of twenty years. Even the forms of justice were scarcely observed. Among the accused was a lady, who was the mistress of one of the implicated officers. There was no more evidence against her than against, say, Mr. Balfour, but the court held that if she had not known of the plot she ought to have known, and on the strength of that cynical opinion involved her in the general sentence. There is no resistance from the people, because the soldiers are with King Milan, and the people dislike being shot, and there is no appeal, except to the Emperors, who only intervene to preserve their adherents' lives, leaving them to suffer any lesser penalty which their gaolers, who are, in fact, their accusers, may think it expedient to inflict. These penalties will be grave or light according to the

amount of support which the accused, if released, can offer to King Milan.

It does not appear, all this while, that any general cause whatever is progressing in the Balkans, or that any one of the contending Princes advances in the least nearer to his objects. It seems to be understood that Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, finding his hereditary dominion inconveniently small both for himself and his people, sincerely desires the throne of Servia, and would hardly stick at anything to obtain it; but he never gets it, final action being always prevented by the two Emperors, who have agreed that it will be more convenient to wait. In the same way the Prince of Bulgaria is anxious for Macedonia, and journeys to St. Petersburg and Vienna with offers and flatteries, which are all accepted, but which, nevertheless, never produce the intended effect. He always comes back to his capital with nothing achieved; there is always some sort of a conspiracy which explodes uselessly, and then everything is as before. The King of Greece went further than the other Princes, and made a bold spring for Crete and the islands of the Ægean, but he was beaten by the Turks, and but for the intervention of the Emperors, he would have lost his throne. As it was, he had to pay an indemnity of four millions to escape worse consequences, though, as in derision of his attempt, Crete was given by the Emperors, with the assent of the remainder of Europe, to his son. It seems in our day almost waste of time to watch affairs at once so contemptible and so resultless, but it must not be forgotten that the materials for a conflagration are always there, and that if the conditions should change, or if the attention of the greater Powers were withdrawn for one year, all Eastern Europe would be in flames. Nothing prevents the out-

burst except the resolution at St. Petersburg and Vienna that it shall not happen just at present, and while a hundred accidents may change this resolution, a spasm of fury among the common people of any one of the States may render it of none effect. The probability is, however, that the condition of unrestful quiet will go on for many years yet, as it went on in the border lands between the Empire and France in the Middle Ages, and will end only when an explosion happens at Constantinople, or the great European war terminates in a congress which will, among other arrangements, redistribute all the principalities. None of the Princes will risk collision with the mighty empires beyond the Balkans, and great popular leaders can hardly arise, because the moment popular politicians achieve distinction they are arrested by their own Princes as dangerous agitators. It is conceivable that if any of the principalities could borrow money on a large scale, they might interest outside Powers in their fate, as Egypt did; but their credit is so bad from their internal disorders, that this source of hope must practically be abandoned. There is nothing to be done for the Balkans, from any side or with any object, except to wait and see whether the bubbling cauldron will produce anything large enough to compel the world's attention. We should say, on the whole, that it would not, and that the fate of the great Peninsula would ultimately be settled as a detail in much wider arrangements. Meanwhile, two of the divisions, Roumania and Bosnia, are very well governed; three, Servia, Bulgaria and Greece are badly governed, but endurably; one, Albania, enjoys a chronic disorder, which its people seem to prefer, and one, Macedonia, is being slowly bled to death.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest translation of Herbert Spencer's "Education" is into Sanskrit, and is primarily intended for the Pandits.

"Moira O'Neill's" delightful Irish songs and ballads are to be published soon, by the Blackwoods, under the title, "Songs of the Glen."

The Athenæum announces that the completion of Mrs. Tyndall's life and letters of the late Professor Tyndall, has been indefinitely postponed.

A large number of papers left by the late Cardinal Manning were withheld from the hands of his biographer, Mr. Purcell, and there is some talk of publishing a volume of them.

A volume by the late James Payn, called "The Backwater of Life and Other Essays" is announced for early publication. It is reasonably certain to be entertaining and suggestive.

Mr. Alfred Austin, with equal generosity and modesty, has presented fifty copies of his "Songs of England" for distribution on the transports conveying British troops to South Africa.

Some lover of Dickens's writings should be glad to possess himself of the novelist's favorite seaside home, "Bleak House," Broadstairs, which is soon to be sold at auction. It is said not to have been altered in any way since Dickens left it.

Four French tales of rustic life, one anonymous, and the others written by Charles Toubin, Mme. Louis Figuier,

and Th. Pavie, are grouped in a single convenient volume, under the title "Contes de la Vie Rustique" (William R. Jenkins, publisher). Furnished with explanatory notes in English by George Castegnier, they commend themselves to students of French literature.

A course of lectures on Robert Browning, recently given by Mr. Stopford Brooke, at University College, London, has led to a movement for the establishment at that college of a permanent lectureship or professorship of Literature or Poetry, to be called by Mr. Brooke's name, and to be held by him as long as he is willing. The sum fixed upon to endow the chair, is \$50,000, and a strong committee has been formed.

Mr. Horatio Tennyson, who died recently, was the youngest brother of the poet, and like the other members of his family, wrote verses. Lady Taylor, the Academy says, used to tell a story of going into a room at Farringford one afternoon in dim light and seeing a figure stretched at length on a sofa. She addressed herself as to the Poet, but a correcting voice from the cushions came forth, "I'm Horatio, the most morbid of the Tennysons."

A book whose pages have at first glance that "liveliness" of look which tempts a reader, is Mr. Frederic Courtland Penfield's "Present-Day Egypt." (The Century Co.) The descriptions, in which the book abounds, have color and variety, and the fascinations of Cairo and Alexandria are entertainingly set forth. Though the writer

disclaims any attempt to theorize, his observations on the character and doings of the Khedive, and also as to Great Britain's position in Egypt, are vigorous, timely and suggestive. The many illustrations are of a high order.

Lord Acton is editing a series of histories of modern times, the first volume of which is expected next spring. There are to be twelve volumes, covering the period from the end of the Middle Ages to the present day. The Renaissance is treated in the first volume by several writers.

Of Mr. Swinburne's recent anti-Boer sonnet, the Academy sharply, but justly, says that it would have been better unprinted. Of the lines in which Mr. Swinburne invites some one

"To scourge these dogs, agape with
jaws afoam,
Down out of life"

The Academy says: "Are the Boers dogs? Are their jaws agape with foam? Are they not rather resolute men who have set their teeth to defend their country—though mistaken, if you like?"

A stanza in tribute to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, in a pleasing little collection of verse by Mr. Will T. Hale, called "An Autumn Lane," serves to heighten a slight resemblance in feeling between the two verse-makers. Mr. Hale also has much affectionate interest in "the lowlier things," and his verses which touch upon the simple and human themes, the poetry of childhood, of outdoor ways, of neighborliness, and the gentler associations of home life, are sincere and winning, with a tone of hopefulness that is attractive. The book is from the publishing house of the M. E. Church South, Nashville, Tennessee.

In temper and habit of thought more of our day than of his own, Horace Bushnell's personality is still a living influence, and the study of him as "Preacher and Theologian," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, will meet a welcome which it is not too much to call affectionate. Theodore T. Munger's name on the title page is guaranty of sympathetic as well as scholarly work. The question which he raises as to the effect which the theory of evolution would have had on Bushnell's thought, had he lived to see it put forth, is a suggestive and far-reaching one.

It is pleasant to think that beasts of the field and the forests have a powerful ally, who has weapons fit for their defence right at his hand. In Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Trail of the Sandhill Stag," (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers) even the daintiness of the little book, and the exquisite truthfulness of the illustrations, might be dispensed with; for unwilling as one would be to lose the additional charm, this chronicle of a strong and noble life, though it is only the life of a wild animal, would still remain as powerfully convincing, as tender and haunting as now.

Lillian Whiting's "Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," which Little, Brown & Co. publish, is a study of Mrs. Browning, the woman, rather than Mrs. Browning the poet. The life of the Brownings gave in itself very little occasion for the after-gathering of merely tawdry details, and the contribution which this book makes to the knowledge of their home life, their sentiments and opinions, is appreciative. How far the subject of the study would authorize Miss Whiting in some of her later deductions, might be a subject of discussion.

A collection of golf stories should possess the quality of cleverness, and the latest group of such tales, "Drives and Puts," by Walter Camp and Lillian Brooks, which L. C. Page & Co. publish, is quite up to the mark in this respect. It is something better than clever also. The ethics of golf afford a variety of chances for sympathetic character studies, and some of these readable tales are exactly that. The eleven stories here given are many of them slightly connected, the same set of golfers appearing more than once or twice, and this adds interest to the book as a whole. The last of these, "An Unknown Quantity," is one of the quietest but sharpest in the series.

A book which satisfies to perfection the natural craving to be at once diverted and enlightened is Miss Mary H. Krout's "A Looker-on in London," published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Miss Krout sees London from an American's point of view, and has the quick sympathetic skill that can catch and retain the fleeting and vivid impression of a moment as well as its permanent significance. Whether at the opening of Parliament, or at the dinner of the Princess,—talking of woman's clubs and colleges, or strolling through Kentish fields,—she is always bright and pleasing, while her work will have a value as the close record of London life at a time of special and pressing interest.

Not only are all the stories of the eleven sea-faring narratives in Morgan Robertson's "Where Angels Fear to Tread" extremely clever, but there is surprisingly little choice in their intensity of interest. One of these, "From the Royal Yard Down," which would be called decidedly ingenious if it did not also deserve a stronger word as a study in quick mental action, has a flavor of romance. Two battle stories,

"The Brain of the Battleship" and "The Battle of the Monsters," are fighting stories both, but the first is of a fight between two heavily armored fleets and the other describes no less strikingly the conflict between a fierce array of warring microbes. (The Century Company.)

The tricky spirit that comes when Mr. Stockton calls for it was evidently in continual attendance at the time of writing "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander." But though one refuses to believe that any other summons beguiled him away from Mr. Stockton, it is nevertheless true that the singular adventures of that personage of perpetual youth, the Vizier, are brought to a close at their most interesting point, just as the man is telling his nineteenth century hearers a little incident of the times when he studied with Galen, and there were red-eyed beasts in the amphitheatre at Rome. The story is one that gains by being put into book form, as has just been done by The Century Co.

That French writers often display a rare tenderness in the portrayal of two especial characters, the child and the servant, is again shown in "Madame Lambelle," which William R. Jenkins publishes, not in translation, but with all the grace and charm of Gustave Toudouze's own style. The story opens with a scene in the home of young Dr. Lambelle, where the faithful Claudine, her mind wholly on the success of her dinner, laments even the good deeds which detain her master. But in the development of an extremely interesting tale, which concerns itself largely with the growing-up of the doctor's little son, and the heroism of Mme. Lambelle herself, Claudine bravely sustains all her share of the family difficulties. This is a romance that well merits its crowning by the Académie Française.